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Contents

Cover Design: One of the most charming costumes which Martha Scott as Jane Peyton Howard wears in "The Howards of Virginia" is this riding habit of broadcloth trimmed with silk braid. The soft leather gloves were handmade and the perky tricorne trimmed with plumes is an exact copy from an old print of a similar hat worn during the colonial period. See article, page 4.

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Don't miss the Golden Jubilee Number of the Magazine!

This double October issue will feature many rare and unusual pictures in addition to several historical articles which will be of interest to every member of the National Society. Order extra single copies at 50¢ each as Jubilee souvenirs or subscribe at the regular rate. Place all orders by September 15 and make checks payable to the Treasurer General, N. S. D. A. R.

IF I COULD TALK TO YOU

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

President General, N. S. D. A. R.

MANY of the letters that come in summer express the hope that the President General is finding opportunity for rest. Two factors are keeping these months as busy as any winter season: first, preparations for the Golden Jubilee in October which include, in addition to the actual program, plans for the fine Golden Jubilee Number of the Magazine, collecting of materials for our anniversary exhibit, much historical research, promotion of interest in the official souvenir plate, and completion of the National Jubilee projects.

Secondly, present world conditions are greatly increasing the number of meetings of heads of organizations desirous of doing all possible that America may meet "total war" with "total defense." While the temperature hovers at one hundred or above in Washington, I am attending a series of meetings held by the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense of the United States. As conditions and new information warrant, I will supplement my message of suggestions sent to the National Board of Management and to National Chairmen and Vice-Chairmen earlier in the summer.

In these columns I have often said that it is not only what we ourselves do, but what we may lead others to do that determines our ultimate worth as a society. I journeyed along the shores of Lake Erie with members of the five chapters of Chautauqua County, New York, who were to unveil a tablet at the birthplace of Mary Smith Lockwood, one of the four founders of the National Society. When they began their research, the site, one of the four corners of a crossroads at Smith's Mills, was overgrown and unkempt with a gravel pile in the center. To the surprise of the residents, investigation showed that this spot had in earlier days been set aside as the village Common, and that the settlement had been incorporated as the village of Smith's Mills, the name coming from the several mills built and operated by Mrs. Lockwood's father and uncle. With the cooperation of the County Supervisor, the Common was cleared, grass cut, and sod placed around the large boulder

holding the tablet. Several hundred persons gathered on one of the summer's hottest days for the dedication. It was announced that following the program the American Legion would hold a brief ceremony. Two Posts in the vicinity had erected, just back of the boulder, a new steel flag pole from which flew a large American Flag discovered as belonging to the village after the project was started. Some newly planted lilacs will add beauty. At the close of his brief forceful talk the young legionnaire presented the gift "to the memory of Mary Smith Lockwood" and to the perpetuation of the principles on which our country is founded. Through our fiftieth anniversary the little community has found its Common and found its Flag. It knows too, that it is in accordance with the American Way for the citizens of small hamlets to become important in national life. The village of Smith's Mills will remember our Golden Jubilee.

I wish that it were possible to carry to our readers a bit of the satisfaction that comes when in my travels I am able to observe new or little known work of our society. I remember hearing a few years ago of the library that Michigan was establishing on Mackinac Island. Not until I visited there recently and learned that lake traffic ceases for several months each year and that the island is closed to outside contacts except by dog train across the ice, did I fully appreciate what the books given by Michigan Daughters mean to the several hundred people who remain all year on the island. The library is housed in a part of the rambling old structure built more than a century ago by the American Fur Trading Company whose success laid the foundation of one of America's greatest fortunes. Many plain little tables with lovely hand turned spool legs, evidently used by the traders, are now the reading tables. I longed for the leisure to browse through the old records and letters which are housed here in abundance. These buildings cry out for the restoration that has been the good fortune of many of less historical interest.

We who live on the East coast are apt to think carelessly that we have the only original colonial genealogical records. It would be a surprise to many of our members to see the three large old volumes of vital statistics beginning with 1695, that are the proud possession of St. Anne's parish on this island. For many years they were written in French. We have much of our history yet to learn.

Our Indian work is comparatively new. Although individual states have long been interested and the National Society in 1923 established the Anne Rogers Minor Scholarship for Indian education, it was not until 1936 that the work was organized with state chairmen under National direction. The accomplishments in this short time merit our study. Largely through the efforts of the state chairman of New York, who worked four years and a half on the project, the Tonawanda Reservation has a fine new community house, the first to be built on a reservation in New York. The house is managed by an Indian Board of which our State Chairman is an advisory member. The State provides upkeep and a director of activities. A medical clinic, adult education, Indian crafts including weaving, beadwork and basketry, are a part of the program. Our members in New York State have contributed a library of 10,000 books. Old women are taught to make patch-work quilts and baby clothes. Eagerness to grasp new opportunities is indicated in that when the building was first opened some of the Indians took as many as six to eight showers a day, and the supply of soap could not meet the demands. The best feature is their appreciation. Our State Chairman is now named Sah-nee-weh, meaning "She who overcomes obstacles." Their confidence admits her to many of their secret meetings. They have presented her with an Indian costume for her lectures. Recently they came to tell her that they were going to have an American flag for their grounds. They would cut their own pole, the tallest and straightest tree in their forest. Veterans of the World War had decided to purchase the flag.

Those of you who attend our Golden Jubilee in October will be happy to see the new splendor of Memorial Continental Hall. The joints are being completely repointed,

and the surface of the entire building is being cleaned. It appears not only larger, but much more beautiful than in its accumulation of dirt of more than thirty years. It seems particularly appropriate that this first building of such proportions ever to be erected by a women's organization will stand in new loveliness for our Golden Jubilee.

When I addressed the graduates of Crossnore School I was particularly impressed with the fine appearance and bearing of the boys of the class. The pupils had scarcely left for their homes when forest fires threatened the school. These same young men hastened back and fought valiantly day and night to save the institution which had meant much to them.

A few years ago in visiting some of our mountain schools I wondered why one must lose one's breath in climbing hills to such widely scattered buildings. The one word "FIRE" answered the question. The recent experience as Crossnore proves not only the wisdom of widely separated buildings, but the need of a greater and more united effort in the elimination of forest fires. We little know when our efforts toward conservation will be needed for the protection of our own property.

Things are often not what they seem. On the afternoon before the Fourth of July I was caught in the wild rush of traffic caused by the thousands leaving New York City for the four-day holiday. As we crossed town toward the Pennsylvania station a policeman jumped on the running-board of the taxi. With others held in the same jam I wondered what was wrong. Presently, however, the policeman tossed several bundles and packages into the seat beside the driver, explaining that he too, just relieved from duty, was off for a holiday. His very presence on the side of the cab became a signal to all other drivers to let him pass. Even at a corner the traffic officer motioned him through as the red light flashed. Those in other cars looked at me as if my broad smile must be an hysterical effort to look pleasant under trying circumstances. We arrived at the station nearly fifteen minutes ahead of the time that I had allowed. Even in these trying and unsettled days we can still find pleasure in little things.



A SCENE FROM "THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA," MADE ON THE ORIGINAL BOWLING GREEN BEFORE THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE IN WILLIAMSBURG. THE EXTRAS WERE RECRUITED FROM NEARBY RICHMOND AND YORKTOWN, AND FROM WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE AT WILLIAMSBURG

The Howards of Virginia

PEGGY MCCALL

In the following article, Peggy McCall, a Hollywood Studio Press Correspondent, tells something of the research done in connection with the filming of the motion picture, "The Howards of Virginia," based on the novel, "The Tree of Liberty." The picture, which is shortly to be released, is highly recommended by the National Chairman of the Motion Picture Committee

IT was characteristic of the man that, when Frank Lloyd began planning to make "The Howards of Virginia," the film based on Elizabeth Page's novel "The Tree of Liberty," his first consideration should be authenticity of background.

The story itself, showing as it did a true cross-section of early colonial life, fascinated Lloyd. To him it was the opportunity to develop a truly great theme—to show the real lives of these courageous colonials who helped lay the cornerstone of our nation. The pageantry surrounding the lives of the wealthier to contrast with the simple lives of the villagers and the lusty courage

of the hardy pioneers who continually sought new and virgin territory to develop to their liking were tempting ingredients for Lloyd to blend. And he set to work with a will.

First, he called in Waldo Twitchell, one of Hollywood's best and most painstaking research experts. Twitchell was given the task of assembling all the data on costumes, customs, and detailed background. "Find out how they really lived," Lloyd told him, "I want to show them as REAL people, not historical figures."

Then, accompanied by John Goodman, his art director, Lloyd started his search for



PATRICK HENRY MAKES HIS INSPIRED SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES. THIS SET, REPRODUCED IN HOLLYWOOD, IS A FAITHFUL COPY OF THE ORIGINAL INTERIOR. MR. WALDO TWITCHELL, THE RESEARCH EXPERT, WAS UNABLE TO AUTHENTICATE THE ACTUAL DELIVERY OF THE SPEECH!

a location which would duplicate the countryside of early colonial Virginia. He found ideal country around Santa Cruz, California, and immediately issued orders to Goodman to start planning the sets. He required a colonial town—the exact reproduction of the historical state buildings, the Governor's Palace at Williamsburg, and a typical plantation of a family of wealth, among other things.

And it was here that Mr. Lloyd ran into his first difficulty. When the technical staff finished with the estimates it was found that to reproduce even the skeletons of these buildings would cost at least \$300,000—a prohibitive figure even for a production with a million dollar budget. "Those buildings are the most elaborate structures erected in colonial times," Goodman pointed out to Lloyd in answer to the question of why such a high cost. "The Governor's Palace alone cost two million dollars to build!" Finding that he would have to find

some way to cut down the cost of his settings, Lloyd determined to visit historic Williamsburg which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had restored and where much of the action in the story takes place, to see for himself the colonial architecture and interiors it would cost so much to duplicate.

What he saw fascinated and thrilled him. As he walked down the quaint streets of the town he was suddenly back in the days before the Revolution. Gone were all signs of modern living. Architects armed with blueprints and faded specifications and backed by unlimited funds had recreated Williamsburg, brick by brick, to its original charm and beauty. Lloyd found himself walking around an ideal set for his picture. There was the Governor's Palace standing on the original foundations; the Capitol Building, once seat of Virginia's government; the House of Burgesses where one of the key scenes of the picture was laid; the Raleigh Tavern, where Jefferson danced

with the fair Belinda and where the personalities of the day gathered to mull over politics and make momentous decisions of national significance. There also was the stately George Wythe mansion and the beautiful old plantation of Carter's Grove proudly overlooking the York and James rivers from behind expanses of spacious green lawn.

As he walked down the tree-shaded streets of the quaint old town Lloyd admits he did some very wishful thinking. But the project had been jealously guarded. The priceless antiques which had been gathered there, the gems of colonial architecture so painstakingly recreated were something not to be idly subjected to possible carelessness of an indiscriminate crowd. Lloyd hesitated to ask permission to shoot even a few key scenes on this original, colorful site. But he had failed to realize how much interest "The Tree of Liberty" and his own proposed picture had created! It was Mr. Rockefeller himself who came forth to grant Lloyd permission to use his priceless museum-town as a back-drop for "The Howards of Virginia." For the first time permission was granted to photograph all or part of Williamsburg. And there was but a single stipulation in the extraordinary deal. "You must give us your personal guarantee," Mr. Rockefeller told Mr. Lloyd, "that when you do return to Hollywood to photograph the interiors of these buildings, you will do so exactly—even to the drapes, the wall paper, and the color scheme." Naturally, Lloyd promised, and for the next few days he browsed happily about the buildings and the streets absorbing the color and the atmosphere of this ideal set. Then, returning to Hollywood he set about completing his cast before returning to Williamsburg to start actual shooting on the picture.

There was much to do in Hollywood—costumes to be designed, uniforms for an army to be provided, muskets to be made for the soldiery duplicating samples Lloyd had secured while on his trip. But finally he returned to Williamsburg, and once more the old town rang with the voices of people such as those who had lived there long ago.

The House of Burgesses reechoed the spirited debates of the colonials and the in-

spired oratory of Patrick Henry. Ragged colonial soldiers led by George Washington trudged through the town on their way to fight Cornwallis. Shouts of the populace were again heard in the square before the Capitol following the incident of the tea dumped in Boston harbor. Belles and their beaux strolled down the streets and attended the lavish affairs at the Governor's Palace. And political bigwigs foregathered at Raleigh Tavern.

An interesting sidelight on the scenes made at Williamsburg is the fact that all of the extras used in the "mob" scenes were recruited from nearby Richmond and Yorktown and from the famous old college of William and Mary. Many of those who gathered to "make-believe" in that crowd must have had some ancestor who, as one of the original villagers, had taken part in a similar scene.

Lloyd encountered but one difficulty with his cast during this time. There was too spirited an answer to his call for talent—one that practically emptied classes at William and Mary and brought on protests from the deans of the college. A ruling that only advanced students would be eligible for work remedied the situation and brought about the amusing result of including forty-two Phi Beta Kappas, by actual count, in the scenes.

The exteriors completed, Lloyd headed back for Hollywood armed with color stills of every room in the important buildings, detailed shots of the streets and exteriors and with blueprints of everything. Room arrangement, furniture construction, building locations, doorways, shrubbery—minute details all set down for reference to guide the studio craftsmen who were to duplicate Williamsburg. His staff on the coast were given orders to "duplicate, not approximate," the rooms and their furnishings. For Lloyd, when he promised he would fit the Williamsburg originals "like the paper on the wall," meant just that. As a matter of fact, when it came to duplicating the wall paper of the supper room in the Governor's Palace—originally imported from India two hundred years ago—he commissioned Elsa Brandes, the well-known artist, to copy the paper in detail from a colored photograph so that design, shading, and colors would be exact. It took



MATT HOWARD (CARY GRANT) TALKS WITH JANE PEYTON (MARTHA SCOTT) WHILE VISITING HER HOME, "ELM HILL." NOTICE THE DETAIL ON THE STAIRCASE—THE HAND-TURNED POSTS AND THE ORNAMENTAL TRIMMING ON THE STEPS AS WELL AS THE BEAUTIFULLY GRAINED NATURAL WOODWORK

her six hundred working hours to finish the job, but the reproduction is an exact duplication as promised.

While John Goodman completed the designing of new sets and the duplication of the interiors of the Williamsburg buildings, Howard Bristol, who had done such a noteworthy job in "Gone With the Wind," was secured to dress them. Carefully he studied the forty or more color pictures and then he started on his terrific chore of ferreting out furnishings, draperies and bric-a-brac to identically match those shown in the stills. "When we were unable to find duplicates of the objects of art or furnishings," Bristol told us, "we made them." Duplicates of the Queen Anne, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton furniture were relatively simple things to locate. An exact copy of the dining set in the Raleigh Tavern was discovered in a shop in Los Angeles. Where

the furnishings had an oriental tone and could not be matched they were made to order by a firm in Los Angeles who were licensed to copy the Williamsburg originals by those in charge of the project. Locating a harpsichord to match the one in the Apollo Room of the Raleigh Tavern presented a difficult problem for a time. It is claimed that only four of these instruments are in existence today, one each in Williamsburg, London, New York, and St. Louis. Fortunately it was possible to secure the use of the one in St. Louis from the owner, Mr. J. B. Stonehouse.

The most costly things to reproduce were the four crystal chandeliers which hang in the Governor's Palace. No duplicates of the prisms could be found, so the huge fixtures had to be blown and cut exactly to design in Los Angeles. The cost of the imitations was four hundred fifty dollars each.



A TOAST IS DRUNK IN THE SUPPER ROOM OF THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE OF WILLIAMSBURG, AS REPRODUCED IN HOLLYWOOD FOR "THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA." THE WALL PAPER FOR THIS ROOM WAS HAND PAINTED, THE HUGE CRYSTAL CHANDELIER WAS ESPECIALLY BLOWN AND CUT FROM DETAILED PICTURES AND DRAWINGS, AND EVEN THE SILVER PUNCH CUPS WERE COPIED MINUTELY FROM THE ORIGINALS FOR USE IN THIS SCENE

About the only things borrowed from Williamsburg were some pewter inkwells, used in the House of Burgesses, and the original scepter used by the Speaker of that House.

Meantime, Waldo Twitchell had read some two hundred and fifty books in his search for background material. From these he compiled a volume of two hundred and sixty single-spaced typewritten pages—notes he had made for reference. These covered everything imaginable about the period and the volume came to be known on the set as "THE" Book. When any question arose about which there was any doubt THE Book was gotten out, referred to, and accepted as final authority. "In compiling for reference," Twitchell told us, "I followed Mr. Lloyd's instructions and looked for material to give a broad picture of the daily life of the people of that period. Their amusements, personalities, diversions, and habits as a whole, all were indicators to what they were really like." Clothes were one of the most important factors relative to depicting personalities, according to Twitchell, and he was most thorough-going in his research in this field. The truth of the matter, according to Twitchell, is that the colonists as a whole couldn't afford to dress like dandies. They had to utilize the material at hand for their clothes. He pointed out that, oddly enough, a great deal of the most accurate information regarding the modes and manners of the early colonists came not from sources in the Americas, but from letters of traveling Frenchmen who wrote detailed accounts of their observations home to their families. Hogarth prints provided ideas of the dress of the times, but Twitchell claimed these were rather impractical to follow since, like illustrations in the more sophisticated fashion magazines of our day, they were illustrations of the more exaggerated styles. It was from tiny mannequins—dolls brought to fortunate ladies in the colonies by sea captains to provide tangible and practical miniatures of her wardrobe—that authentic styles were obtained.

The homes of the colonials provided another key to their personalities. It was easy enough to portray the wealthier class. The lovely old Carter's Grove plantation, whose spacious rooms reflected the gracious manner of living, was the foundation upon

which to build there. But one of the major problems was to show the gradual growth of Albemarle, the Howard estate, from a crude home in the wilderness to a prosperous and beautiful plantation.

A deviation from the usual portrayal of pioneer life is that in "The Howards of Virginia" the founders of America are shown as young men, sagacious, vigorous, and full of life. Research brought out that the leaders who foregathered in the Apollo Room of Raleigh Tavern to discuss pressing national problems of the day were from thirty-five to forty-five years of age, that the members of the House of Burgesses ranged from twenty-two to thirty-four years, with John Robinson, the first Speaker, but thirty-four when elected to office. Lloyd grasped this fact with enthusiasm and added youth to his production.

There was only one technical detail over which Twitchell worried. In her novel, Elizabeth Page had Matt Howard indulge in a thorough tubbing before appearing at the House of Burgesses. And nowhere could Twitchell find a record of a bath tub of any description as part of the equipment of the Raleigh Tavern at that time. He took his troubles to Frank Lloyd, telling the director that, as far as he could discover, the first bath tub was smuggled into the colonies shortly after the Revolution by a Frenchman and that as far as anyone could find out the men of that time did their bathing in the Potomac or some nearby stream. "Let's use common sense, and some kind of a wooden tub," Lloyd answered him. So a huge wooden tobacco hogshead was constructed and then cut in half to provide the tub!

And so Lloyd, confident that he had kept his word to make the background as accurate and detailed as was humanly possible, set about finishing his picture. The result, according to those who have been fortunate enough to see the rough cut of the production, is a vigorous, thrilling and inspiring chapter from the annals of American history in which brave, adventurous men and courageous, charming and cultured women lay the foundations of a future Republic, with Cary Grant, Martha Scott, Alan Marshall, Richard Carlson, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke vividly portraying the characters of a truly great book.



BURNING OF JAMESTOWN

From an old print

Act of Prophecy

ANNE DE LACY

BLUE and tranquil, the James River flows to the sea, its mouth guarded by the United States Navy's largest rendezvous, Hampton Roads. World commerce crowds the channel now where more than three hundred years ago a fleet of ships slipped fearfully down the tide, their canvas limp, the still hot dark of the September night wrapping them in impenetrable suffocation. Sharp lookout was kept, not only for shoals ahead in the shallow channel, but for possible pursuers.

On the largest ship, an old man sat glumly in the cabin, chin in chest, a scowl on his perspiring red face, his fists clutching his bulging knees. "Fools!" he hissed for the hundredth time, and glared about him. "Cowards—to flee before a handful of ragamuffins! We would have had them in the hollow of our hand."

The men with him sat silent.

"By God!" he burst out vehemently. "I have sworn to have the ruffian's scalp and

have it I will!" His heavy hand came down like a plummet on his sword hilt.

He was interrupted by excited cries that cut the darkness beyond the open door. Feet pounded hurriedly along the decks as men ran aft. A seaman thrust his head in the cabin. "Governor Berkeley, sir!" He saluted hurriedly. "Jamestown's afire, sir."

"Damn!" Still hot with rage, the governor went aft with the others. If these counselors of his had stood by him they could have held the town with ease. Bacon had no ships, no supplies, and only ragtag and bobtail for an army.

Light, wavering and faint, outlined the hills behind them. Berkeley stood with the others to watch this dawn that rose, not in the east, but in the west, racing like lurid fury up the sky. No sun blazed hotter than this dawn of freedom born prematurely in the hot September night, kindled by the first man in America to voice the belief that all men are created equal and that all gov-



GATHERING OF THE VIRGINIA PLANTERS IN 1674

ernment rests in the consent of the governed—Nathaniel Bacon of Virginia. In the world of 1676, but lately witness to the vindication of the divine right of kings in the restoration of the Stuarts, this was novelty indeed.

Bacon, descendant of the great Francis, was a Cambridge man. He had read law in the Inns of Court, and had a moderate fortune. He was forceful, eloquent and extraordinarily handsome; and his career in the Old Dominion reads like an act of prophecy. Before coming to America he married Elizabeth Duke, fitting mate for a man of his dauntless courage, as the facts prove. Daughter of Sir Edward Duke, she was entitled under his will to two thousand pounds sterling provided she did not marry Nathaniel Bacon. Whether Sir Edward was sufficiently royalist to resent Bacon's outspoken republican principles, or an opportunist who felt the wind of royal favor rising and had no wish to be tainted with a son-in-law already known as a man not afraid to champion the "commonalty," or considered him merely a rake, is not clear. But object he did—to no avail. Elizabeth had a will of her own. There is evidence that her family did not share Sir Edward's

prejudice. While the Bacons were still in England her brother tried to prove the will had been revoked, but it was objected and the Lord Chancellor decreed against the plaintiff: "In this case the father himself having actually revoked the legacy upon his daughter's disobedience, the father himself has in this case been Chancellor, and that with equity, too. Such an example of presumptuous disobedience highly meriting such a punishment; she being only prohibited to marry with one man, by name, and nothing in the whole fair Garden of Eden would serve her but this forbidden fruit." But it was comely fruit and had a winning way.

The records do not give the exact date of their coming to Virginia, but on the testimony of the contemporary historian, Beverley, Nathaniel was a member of the Council in 1672, when "he had not been above three years in the colony." We assume, then, it was 1669, probably in spring, that these two rode into the sparkling blue waters of the Chesapeake, to drift slowly on the tide up the broad James, past dazzling white sand dunes, low cypress swamps and fields beginning to show green with spring planting, against a background of



BACON DEMANDING HIS COMMISSION FROM GOVERNOR BERKELEY

impenetrable forests of hardwood covering hill upon hill, stretching away no man knew how far, under a sky blue beyond their dreams.

Jamestown was a curious picture for London bred eyes. Most of the buildings were of rough hewn logs, though some of the more pretentious boasted bricks brought from England. The church was brick, its sturdy square tower overshadowing a graveyard alarmingly well filled for that small

community. Malaria and typhoid fever took annual toll of the population. There were no paved streets, only a haphazard network of paths, some wider than others, but all ankle deep with dust in dry weather and reduced to well nigh impassable gulleys of mud after the rains which were frequent and heavy.

Bacon settled at Curles on the James River, several miles west of the capital, in the heart of the Tidewater tobacco country.

Though Elizabeth might dream of the spacious plantation to blossom where dogwood and Judas trees starred wooded acres, Bacon's mind already was preoccupied with the political and economic problems confronting the colony.

Virginia, under the Commonwealth, had enjoyed a long period of quiet and prosperity. There were two reasons for this: the government had problems enough at home, and colonization was encouraged because England as a maritime country needed the timber, tar and rosin that could be supplied in abundance from the new world. But with the restoration, Parliament could relax and give thought to these dominions overseas that held the world market in tobacco, whose harbors were crowded with shipping from every country in Europe and whose citizens waxed fat on the rich profits of the unrestricted tobacco trade. The great need of the Stuart kings was always money. It occurred to the king's ministers that one very easy and effective way of obtaining it was a tax on the colonial trade. The Navigation Laws of 1661 resulted, which provided that no tobacco or other commodity could be shipped out of the colony except in English ships. Colonial farmers were forbidden to sell tobacco to any but English merchants; hence, they must accept the English merchant's price, which bore no comparison with that demanded and received in an open market. And, furthermore, they also paid the English merchant's price for those commodities necessary for living which they now must buy, perforce, from England exclusively. The result was ruin for the small farmer and untold hardship for all. A prolonged drought, violent hail storms that destroyed the crops, and an epidemic of pestilence added their havoc to the general misery. Then, the Dutch, at war with England at home and infuriated at the restriction on the tobacco trade, were a constant menace, coming even into the James to scuttle tobacco ships.

Charles II was fortunate in having a likely tool for his purpose in Virginia. Sir William Berkeley had served under the first Charles, but lived in retirement under the Commonwealth. On the death of Matthews he was elected governor by the popular vote. He lost no time submitting his com-

mission to the king, and received the royal sanction. He administered the new laws like a zealot. The franchise had been the right of every free man in Virginia, but the king decreed only those holding property above a certain number of acres might have the vote; and only those holding improved property above a fixed value, by which was meant land with a house on it, had the right to hold office or sit in the Council. This excluded the townspeople almost entirely. Berkeley lost no time in obeying the royal decree, securing a House of Burgesses made up entirely of the wealthier class of planters. He kept them in office fifteen years.

Sir William presents a puzzling picture. Always arrogant, he had nevertheless proven himself a wise executive during his first term. But enforced retirement under a political regime he despised coupled, no doubt, with advancing years and a tendency to gout left him an altered man. Bred in the school of privilege, he ruled by arrogance and cowed by threats; he dangled sweetmeats before a following of sycophants, himself the greatest sycophant grovelling at the feet of a most capricious majesty. In spite of laws enacted in the colony forbidding trade with the Indians, he amassed a fortune in the beaver trade. Furthermore, he sold the Indians firearms. As Bacon pointed out in his letter to the king listing the grievances of the people of Virginia under the rule of Berkeley: "In spite of the Act of State, 'provided for the better security of the country That no Trade should be held with the Indians,' notwithstanding our present Governor monopolized a trade . . . and granted license to others . . . by which he had every third skin . . . which trading with the Indians has proved so fatal to these parts of the world that I fear we shall all be lost for this commerce has acquainted the Indians, our neighbors, but most inveterate enemies, with our manners of living and discipline of war. And, also, he continued to sell them firearms, which by the law is death." But it is doubtful if this letter ever reached the king. The American agent in London was brother to Richard Lee of Westmoreland, one of Berkeley's staunchest supporters, and Bacon's inveterate enemy.

There was a small party of men in the Council who were keen students of political

economy. They shared Bacon's view that this little colony of Englishmen three thousand watery miles from home was an interesting experiment in government. They were aware of the inevitable difference in point of view that would develop between the home government and free thinking colonials of the type capable of carving homes for themselves in virgin wilderness. Distance sharpened their sense of privilege as Englishmen, and rendered them more sensitive to any act of Parliament that savored of exploitation. And a new note entered in—the right of the common people, the heretofore unconsidered majority in every government. Bacon was untiring in his denunciation of abuses and in urging measures of reform. His broadsides flooded the colony, and his logic and eloquence produced a frenzy of republicanism. In a fury, Berkeley had him arrested and thrown in prison, but released him shortly after on popular demand, and restored him to favor.

Then came the Indian uprising in the spring of 1676. The Susquehannas poured down from the mountains of Pennsylvania and Maryland to lay waste the countryside. John Washington met them near the Maryland border, but only deflected their course. Fire and murder cut a wide swathe in that valiant fringe of civilization on the edge of apparently illimitable forest. In terror, the survivors fled to the more crowded settlements. They besought Bacon to lead an army against the savages. He applied to Berkeley for a commission, and was refused. Yet the Governor himself made no effort to protect the lives for which he was responsible. When, finally, tenants on Bacon's own estate were murdered, he "re-

solved to stand up in this ruinous gap; and rather expose my life and fortune to all hazards, than basely desert my post, and so by bad example make desolate a whole country."

One of his lieutenants has left a description of the fight between the Indians and Bacon's little army on an island in the Roanoke River. It was well known that friendly Indian traders received orders

from Berkeley to hinder Bacon on his march. They delayed him with promises of men and ammunition till "provisions wasted so that not one day's rations remained when they went into action." The chief who promised relief "gathered his braves along the river bank in solid formation so that Bacon and his men could not get through." He urged the latter to stay on the island six days, throwing blame for the delay on his reinforcements that had not appeared. Exasperated, Bacon, knowing that every moment's delay lessened his chances of



SR. NATHANIEL BACON. FROM AN ORIGINAL AT THE LORD VISCOUNT, GRIMSTON'S AT GORHAMBURY. PUBD. AUGT. 10, 1793, BY W. RICHARDSON, CASTLE ST. LEICESTER SQUARE

a successful advance against these Indians "who were in daily communication with Berkeley," fired the Indian fort and met them in the open field. He wiped out almost the entire force and escaped from the island with his men before the spring rain set in to make it impossible to get the horses across the river.

Bacon returned to Jamestown victorious only to find Berkeley had expelled him from the Council and had out a warrant for his arrest as a traitor. Notwithstanding, men flocked to his standard. On the testimony of Elizabeth, in a letter to her sister in London: "So great was the love of his men that they formed a guard around his house so the Governor could not arrest

him. They would lay down their lives for him."

He retired to Curles but the county elected him to the House of Burgesses and in June he sailed in his sloop to Jamestown to take his seat. The meeting of this assembly was an achievement. It was the first elected by universal suffrage, in spite of the opposition of the Governor. The latter still counted many of his followers in the ranks, but the liberal faction was growing. Bacon continued to scatter his broadsides through the colony, never hesitating to name the men responsible for the grievances against which he inveighed. Berkeley again threw him in prison, but popular opinion had grown too strong and he was forced to release him. Then the Governor plotted his death. But Bacon was warned in time. Instead of returning to his house in Jamestown, he took a round-about way into the country and reached Curles in safety. Here a council of his followers was held and a petition drawn up to Berkeley demanding his commission as commander of the troops for the protection of the people. The signature is significant: "Nathaniel Bacon, General by the consent of the people." Gall and wormwood to the doughty aristocrat in Jamestown!

The army, styled "the rabble" by the Governor's clique, marched on Jamestown. Berkeley, with a body of his followers, had fortified himself in the town hall, at that time one of the larger taverns, but Bacon forced him to capitulate.

It was a bitter moment for the old royalist. On the sizzling July morning, beside the placid river, hot things singing in the thickets, dust ankle deep in the streets, the proud and gouty old gentleman in ruffles and periwig stood defiantly, his back against the tavern door, while the rabble dictated their terms. He signed Bacon's commission and sent it to London, with a letter recommending him. This was on July 4, 1676.

The army departed on a second campaign against the Indians, this time in the upper reaches of the York, where a fresh uprising was reported. Again they returned victorious—only to find the Governor again had proven perfidious in their absence.

The moment Bacon's back was turned, Berkeley wrote to London, whither he had previously sent his wife with full instructions to see the king. He denounced Bacon as traitor and rebel and asked armed protection. Charles immediately got a fleet under way. Then the Governor crossed to Gloucester County, where he could count on a large party of adherents, and called a special session of the Council to declare Bacon a rebel. The Council was loyal, but with one or two exceptions they demurred at so branding this man who in one short month, with the exception of this little clique of wealthy planters in Gloucester and Westmoreland, had the whole of Virginia solidly behind him.

Meanwhile, Bacon issued his manifesto, prophetic from its very title, "The Declaration of the People," listing the grievances and setting forth clearly those principles of government by "consent of the people," for which they fought. Beginning with Berkeley, he named all those most guilty of abuses in the colony, demanding their immediate and unconditional surrender. Hendrick has aptly said, in his "Lees of Virginia": "Bacon's roll of dishonor . . . forms a Social Register of the Virginia of that date."

With one masterly stroke Bacon met and dispatched the Governor's troops, forcing them to find safety in the ships in the harbor, leaving him master of the capital. The difficulties of a forced march in this country of no roads, and thickly strewn with swamps, cannot be exaggerated. As a matter of fact, Bacon's marshalling of the meager, ill-equipped forces at his command both in his highly successful campaigns against the Indians as well as in later, no less successful engagements against Berkeley stamp him as a military genius. Berkeley fled in terror to Accomac on the Eastern Shore, his principal adherents hiding wherever they could, but some unfortunate were captured and imprisoned.

The Governor gathered what forces he could, reinforced with a handful of Indians, and the seamen off the ships lured by promises of rich booty. Bacon, who had retired to Williamsburg to recoup, heard the royalist forces were approaching Jamestown. He hurried his men thither, arriving

before the town one moonlight night in late September. The Governor urged his troops to attack, but in vain. They stole quietly to the waiting ships, under cover of darkness, forcing the outraged Berkeley to follow them. In the morning Bacon entered and assumed the reins of civil power, on the insistence of his lieutenants, notably Drummond, who pointed out that Berkeley, by his desertion, had forfeited his post as defender of the people.

Rumor reached Jamestown that a party of royalists were descending from Westmoreland. Bacon prepared to meet them; but before starting he set fire to Jamestown, to leave no possible shelter for Berkeley and his troops, now far down the James in their ships. All one night the conflagration raged; and by morning nothing was left to mark the site of the first English town in America but the ruined church tower and a few gravestones.

Bacon's intention was to march north, quell the forces there, and then cross to Eastern Shore to subdue Berkeley. But fate decreed otherwise. He fell a victim to the malarial fever that infested all that low marshy country and died within a few days. Mystery shrouds his burial. There is a common belief that he was buried secretly at midnight in the York, no doubt in a vain effort to keep the news from spreading till his forces could select a new leader. But

there was no one else with his fire and ability.

Bacon was dead. The cause was without a leader. The inevitable swiftly followed. Berkeley returned, not to Jamestown—that was to remain a charred monument to the birth of freedom on this continent—but to Williamsburg, now become the capital. And the pendulum described the full arc. From the pursued and fearful victim, Berkeley became the aggressor. He prosecuted without stint or pity so that even England was gasping and the king himself exclaimed: "The old fool has taken more lives in that naked country than I have taken for the murder of my father." Twenty-three of Bacon's followers were summarily dragged before a travesty of a court martial and sentenced to hang, many of them within the hour. Even the women did not escape. Drummond, one of Bacon's ablest lieutenants, was sentenced to die before three o'clock—it was then after twelve—and his wife and children ordered into exile. Only the kindness of frontiersmen saved their lives. A few patriots escaped to Carolina, where they strengthened the spirit of liberty already abroad in that colony.

The principle of government by the consent of the governed had received a staggering blow, but the seed was sown. In the fullness of time, it would bring forth fruit, richer even than Nathaniel Bacon dreamed.



The Gates of Charleston

ROBBIE TRENT

*A harp, a sword, a flower wrought in iron—
I saw them in the gates of Charleston,
As if an artist caught some thought of
beauty rare
And held it fast.*

*The iron tracery of form and light
Enhances the garden into which they lead.
No picture is shut out. The gate but seems
to frame
The changing scene.*

*I shall love truth and beauty more and
more.
I shall make for myself some bit of
loveliness.
For I have stood in awe before exquisite
gates,
The gates of Charleston.*

Pioneer Bride

ROWENA R. FARRAR

THE moment the plank door closed upon the straight back of her young husband, Cynthia Adams fell across the feather bed and wept. Outside, a September sun spread its golden promise over the morning of another day. Cynthia did not care. In the nearby grove of pines a throng of birds chattered gaily. Cynthia did not hear. From the kitchen came a healthy clatter of pots and pans. Cynthia could not bear the thought of food.

She gripped the pillow with trembling fingers. Of course she loved Richard Adams with all her heart. No one must doubt that—especially Richard. But somehow, somewhere, along that never-ending trail, she had lost her gay confidence.

The thought of traveling by covered wagon from her beloved Charleston to the frontier had seemed a grand adventure on her wedding day. But now, after three months of it, she was homesick and frightened.

Soon Richard must know. She was past all pretending. Toward the last she had resigned herself to being scalped by resentful Indians or eaten by hungry wild animals. She had wanted to shout with relief when he had pulled up, just last night, before Granny White's rambling tavern in Holly Tree Gap, on the outskirts of the Cumberland Settlement.

"If only we could stay here," she sobbed. "I simply can't go on! He's going to hate me, but he's got to stop, or turn back! I want to go home!"

Her desperate sobbing carried beyond

the whitewashed walls of her room, for suddenly there was a light knock on her door. Cynthia sat up guiltily, smoothed her chestnut hair, wiped the telltale tears away on the ruffle of her petticoat, and managed a faint "Come in."

The door opened quickly. A diminutive, grey haired woman, dressed in spotless homespun, a billowing white apron tied about her tiny waist, squinted at her guest reproachfully.

"Were you crying, child?" she asked with disarming directness.

Cynthia nodded slowly. Somehow, she did not dare evade those sharp eyes, or that rugged smile.

Granny White crossed the room with short, energetic steps. She perched herself upon the edge of the bed. One wrinkled, sturdy hand fell softly upon the girl's trembling wrist. "Tell Granny all about it," she said kindly. "You'll feel so much better, afterwards. I'm not really a meddlesome-mattie. I want to be your friend."

"Mother and Father warned me," she began unsteadily. "My—my friends did—too. Even Richard, though he had asked me to marry him, almost backed out just at the last. He was afraid I would be homesick. He was afraid I would regret marrying him instead of my other beau, who owns the plantation next door to my

The photograph is of Cynthia Alla Gates, who married George William Leusley. She is the great-grandmother of Jean Bradley Werner, a member of the Margaret Miller Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Huntsville, Missouri.



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home." Fresh sobs filled the bare little room.

"But you loved Richard Adams," Granny White interposed gently, nodding her head in understanding, "and begged him to let you come West with him."

"Yes. I—I promised him on my honor not to be afraid, not to be a burden, not to be sorry. But I am afraid! I am a burden! I am sorry! I—I want to go home! He's got to take me home!"

"You're talking tommyrot!" Granny said sharply. "Stop it!"

Cynthia lifted startled brown eyes to those of the little old lady. She had expected sympathy, but obviously she had stirred up wrath.

"It's your Richard that deserves my sympathy," Granny said dryly, "not you. Some friends of mine by the name of Andy and Rachel Jackson are traveling East next week. If you like, you can go back with them. They'll take good care of you, and I'll be doin' your husband a favor."

Cynthia stared unhappily down at the scrubbed floor. Her face had not brightened at this unexpected solution to her problem. Fresh tears filled her eyes at thought of leaving her husband. No, she could not do that. Richard would have to go back with her. But she could not rob him of his bright dream. He wanted to build a home on the banks of the Mississippi River. He wanted to do his part toward pushing the frontier farther and farther West. He had vision and courage. She was his inspiration. He had told her that so many, many times.

"Yes," Granny nodded, folding her arms and staring critically at the girl, "I'll be doin' your husband a favor. The men who are building this backwoods country into civilized communities need wives who have iron spines and leather hearts. Though the rich acres stretch for miles in every direction, there's no room out here for shilly-shallying women. We're proud of our record, proud of our families, proud of our homes. They may look bare and crude to you, but we love every pine wash stand, every calico curtain, every single . . ."

"Oh, please, I didn't mean to—to act like this. I'm so—so ashamed of myself. I—I thought I was brave and—and tough. I

thought I could endure anything to be with Richard. I don't deserve his love."

"Let me tell you a story, young lady," Granny White continued, warming to her subject. "Look at me. I think I'm the luckiest woman in the world. Twelve years ago, in the spring of 1800 it was, I left Surrey County, North Carolina, with my two orphaned grandchildren, one eight, the other ten. We piled all our worldly possessions in an ox cart, and started out on a nine-hundred-mile journey over the wilderness road. It was far more dangerous then than it is now. We traveled only a few hours each day so the oxen could feed on the bountiful supply of grass and Willis and Thomas could scamper about. I sat on my cushionless, backless seat, rigid with straining my eyes and ears for the first signs of a treacherous redskin or a wild animal.

"When the first cold spell chilled my bones, we called a halt and dug in for the winter. That first stop was at a place between Kingston and Knoxville, Tennessee, known now as Meridath Place. To keep us from starving I opened a ginger cake stand and developed a paying trade. When the grass was green again, I sold out to Meridath, hitched the oxen to the cart and headed West again.

"Our second stop was on Walton Road where it crosses Piney Creek. Here I put up my ginger cake stand and added a new line." Granny stopped long enough to help herself to a pinch of snuff.

Cynthia stared at her, fascinated.

Then, she continued:

"Travel through this section of the country was brisk that year, for long lines of pioneers were moving westward to the rich Cumberland Settlement. The wagons would bump and squeak as they went by, and the men would grumble and curse because they needed fresh tar to grease the axles.

"All around us there was an abundance of pine knots. So, we hitched the oxen to the cart, and the boys set out to gather a load. I picked out a spot on a hillside near my ginger bread stand and dug me a bowl in the ground, with one side tilted. When the boys returned with the pine knots, we split 'em up, piled 'em into a stack, cone shaped, and covered 'em with leaves and dirt. Then I poked a hole in

the top and set the whole thing on fire. The pine slowly charred and tar ran out the lower side. I got a good price for my tar axle grease, as well as for my cakes and bread!"

"That's wonderful," Cynthia exclaimed, forgetting her troubles for the moment. "Please tell me more."

Granny White eyed her speculatively. Then, as if satisfied that she was not wasting her time, continued: "My third and last stop was right here at Holly Tree Gap. This is the only road from Nashville to the little settlement of Franklin. They call me the 'old widdy woman' around here, but I don't mind. Thomas McCrory, bless him, charged me almost nothing for my fifty acres. It's hilly and rocky, but I don't mind that either. The neighbors helped me throw up a cabin, and I began to sell ginger cakes and other goodies to passing travelers."

"In the spring I bought a cow, plowed and planted. It wasn't long until my little cabin blossomed forth into a tavern. The lawyers and judges going to and from Franklin and Nashville were my best customers. As my patronage grew, I added a room on the side, or on the end, or any old place that could stand it. And look at it now! It spreads all over the hillside!"

"I have wine from my own grapes and apple cider and peach brandy. I have cows and chickens and pigs. I have my flax loom. Why, I'm gettin' famous all over the entire South." Her eyes twinkled merrily. "Everyone likes my batter cakes and sorghum."

"People certainly do," Cynthia agreed enthusiastically, her eyes tearless now, and shining. "Wherever we stopped along the way people told us to be sure to stay over night at Granny White's Tavern."

"You see?" Granny cackled triumphantly. "I have launched my little brood into a new life. They'll soon be grown young men. They're healthy and brave and happy. I have money in my stocking and hams in the smokehouse. . . . Understand," she paused abruptly in listing her blessings to remark, "I'm not braggin'. I'm just tellin' you my story to show you what a woman can do, *if* she has to. We're rich in many ways out here. I didn't have a fine young man like your husband to

look after me. And I was scared to death all along the way. A hundred times I made up my mind to turn back. But, thank goodness, a hundred times I changed my mind again. The love that sustained me was the love of a grandmother for two young 'uns left in her care."

"The kind of love you and Richard Adams have should be strong enough to take you to the ends of the earth—if that is where he has set his heart on making a home."

Her story finished, Granny White sat perfectly still and stiffly erect, anxiously watching the younger woman.

Oddly, yet quite rightly, Cynthia felt that she was being put to a test. She had hated herself for days calling herself a coward and a cheat. But now, a magic courage began to starch her spine. Slowly a new radiance encompassed her. Her heart began to lift. She smiled. She knew that never again would she have to resort to tears, or give way to fear and homesickness. The picture of this gallant old lady riding boldly westward to contentment would always hang before her to shame away her weaknesses.

The silence lasted several minutes. From the roadway came the sound of a horse's impatient stomping, a man's laughter, a young boy's voice spilled forth in song. Then, at last, a whistle of a bob white, man-made and extra joyous, smothering all the other noises.

Cynthia's head jerked up quickly. That would be Richard giving her their pet signal that all was ready. She jumped off the bed and began hurriedly gathering her last-minute things together. Her eyes were very bright with a new eagerness.

"I'll never, never forget you, Granny," she cried, as she tied a gay bonnet over her shining curls.

"Where are you going, child?" Granny asked hopefully.

"West! Richard has finished hitching up the horses. He's waiting for me now. Of course I'm going on with him—to the ends of the earth if that's where he wants to go! Goodbye."

She gave the little old lady a swift kiss, rushed out into the morning sunshine, and

(Continued on page 64)



FORT FREDERICK, BUILT BY THE ENGLISH IN 1731

Photo by Edwin H. Louton

Beaufort—The Island County

MARTHA BRAY CARSON

NATURE moulded with a lavish hand the unsurpassed beauty of the South Carolina coast. Beaufort county is composed of more than sixty semi-tropical islands made by the intersection of many tidal rivers and creeks. Not in all the world are there more beautiful, majestic oak avenues than on these islands. Their moss-hung branches depict the moods of the weather, swaying silvery in the sunlight, or hanging gray and limp in the mist. There are enchanting avenues of magnolias and palmettoes, in whose whispering shadows one can imagine voices of the long ago. In all seasons Beaufort is lovely country, but in the spring, when the soft air is filled with the fragrance of innumerable flowers and shrubs, it is at its best.

It was this spring loveliness that attracted Jean Rebo (Ribaut) to anchor his fleet in May 1562. Rebo had left Dieppe to find a place where the Huguenots could worship God in peace and he sailed into the harbor "because of the largeness and fairness thereof". As members of the crew explored inland they were amazed at the abundance of wild game, and when they cast nets from their ships and brought up more fish than could be used, Rebo decided it was the very country they were seeking and immediately claimed it for King Charles. He called the river by which he entered and the harbor in which he had anchored, Port Royal, names they still bear. He named the country "Carolina" in honor of his King and set about at once building a fort which he named Charles-

fort. Twenty-six men from his company were selected to remain at the fort while he hastened back to report the remarkable discovery and to return with colonists. Circumstances in France prevented his early return and the little garrison left at Charlesfort, discouraged without their leader, resolved to return to France. With the assistance of the Indians, they began to build a ship of such materials as were at hand, using cedar trees for the hull and caulking the seams with rosin from the pines and gray moss that streamed from every tree and limb. The Indians taught them to make rope from the bark of trees and for sails they used bed clothing.

Parris Island, a United States Marine Station, is now located on the land where Charlesfort was built centuries ago. There were two other forts on this Island, built by the Spaniards, one in 1566 and another in 1577, both made of cedar and "tabby". "Tabby" was made of burnt oyster shell, lime and sand, thickly studded with shells, and used extensively by early settlers on this coast. Its enduring quality has helped to preserve the history of this lovely country.

What is said to be the largest tabby fort ruins in America covers more than an acre on the river between the little city of Beaufort and the town of Port Royal. It is known locally as Old Fort and was built by the English in 1731, and called at that time Fort Frederick. The walls are several feet thick, now broken in many places and badly washed by the constant lapping of the waves.

The early life of Beaufort began with wealthy planters and their servants from the Barbados, centered in the culture of rice and indigo. Agriculture's basic essentials, climate and soil, met in a happy and productive combination. America's first "bounty" was from the indigo of this low country, and the first "tariff" was put on its rice. No other country has ever produced such indigo, such rice, or sea-island cotton.

Rice was introduced about 1693 when a captain on a Madagascan ship gave Landgrave Smith of Charleston a pack of seed in the husk and told him it was good and valuable food. In a year or two, every one in the Colony was growing rice, and

its culture proceeded at a phenomenal and profitable rate. In 1778 rice culture received a tremendous impetus when a mill was invented for hulling, cleaning, and preparing it for market. In 1784 a system of irrigation was introduced which furthered rice culture. But preparing a field was an expensive business. Slave labor alone could do it. The rice planters of the last century grew very wealthy, possessing every luxury and comfort that the age afforded. But now the old rice plantations are deserted and lonely. The old fields are thickly grown up in marshes and the canals are filled with salt water.

Indigo had its beginning in Hindustan. It was naturalized in the West Indies and introduced to the Province of Carolina in 1754. The first seeds were sent to Eliza Lucas by her father who was governor of Antigua. It was she who also helped the famous botanist, Dr. Alexander Garden, with his collection of specimens, who experimented with hemp and flax on her father's three plantations and revived with some success the culture of silk. The story of her life from the time when, at sixteen, she left school in England to come to Charleston by way of her home in the West Indies with her invalid mother and a number of younger children, to the day when she was buried in St. Michael's churchyard with George Washington an honorary pallbearer who had asked the family for that privilege, is one that amazes the present day students of that era. Experimentation with indigo revealed how well it would grow on the Carolina coast, and it soon became a world industry. The English Parliament, finding how beneficial indigo was to Carolina, the West Indies, and to England, put a bounty of sixpence on it.

The sea island cotton industry thrived in fourteen of the South Carolina islands. Considering the small area that could produce this cotton, it was amazing how much the planters realized for its culture. It sold at one time for two dollars a pound. But with the War Between the States, its culture had to be abandoned. It was revived later, but eventually the boll weevil destroyed the industry completely. But for uniqueness and a wealth producer it will probably carry no parallel in all the future.



SHELDON CHURCH IN SHELDON, SOUTH CAROLINA

Photo by Edwin H. Lawton

Early Episcopal Churches of the Province of Carolina

HELEN H. LAWTON

CAROLINA, that province settled by the French Huguenots under Sieur Jean Ribault in 1562 and named for their king, Charles IX, had lain untenanted for nearly a century when Charles II of England found himself under obligations to eight noble men who had served him and his father well. That politically astute, if pleasure loving, monarch, by a great stroke of fate and a few dashing strokes of the pen presented in 1663 a charter of the derelict land and thus redeemed his obligations and enlarged his domain without the spending of a penny. Thus came the Lords Proprietors of the Province of Carolina who, at their own expense, were to settle and hold the land for themselves and for

England and were "enjoined to establish the church of England and permitted to grant liberty of conscience".*

The first settlement in the new land was in 1670 at Albemarle Point. In 1679 the little colony was ordered to move across the Ashley River to the peninsula between that and the Cooper River. Here a fortified town was built to the east and called Charles Town. In 1682 the first church was built and others followed. Of these early churches a few remain, intact or in ruins. They are closely associated with the history of the Province and wherever found

* Charleston, the Place and the People by Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel, page 5.



Photo by Edwin H. Lawton

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

they dominate the scene, whether city or country side.

The first established church, the Mother Church of the Episcopal Diocese of the Province of Carolina, was St. Philip's. It was built at the Half Moon Gate, and was constructed of unseasoned black cypress upon a brick foundation. It began to decay within a generation, and a second church was erected upon a new site, adjoining a creek, so that the church members living upon plantations on the Cooper River could have easy access by water. Of rough cast brick covered with plaster and painted white, the church was noble in its proportions and was considered the finest in America. Lofty arches, massive columns and pilasters of the Tuscan order, tall sashed windows, an octagonal steeple supporting a dome, quadrangular lantern, and a vane, eighty feet in all from the ground, were characteristic features of the building. The interior was decorated with Corinthian columns and pilasters, a fan light, and cornices. An

organ that had been used at the coronation of King George II, and the still-used communion plate, the gift of Colonel William Rhett, were prized possessions.

In 1835 St. Philip's was burned but in nine months a new church was begun upon the old foundations. Twenty-two feet longer to the eastward, with the heavy Tuscan pillars giving way to Doric, the third edifice of St. Philip's arose in greater beauty than before. The three characteristic porches, North, South, and West, were repeated, each with its four columns supporting entablature and pediment, thus making the church cruciform.

This Mother Church of the Province has been called the Westminster Abbey of the South because of the prominent names that adorn the many stones in the churchyard, now divided by the continuation of the street which originally led to the church. Here one reads the names of Calhoun and Turnbull, the two great nullifiers, of Edward Rutledge whose fame as a Signer of the Declaration of Independ-



ST. JAMES' CHURCH AT GOOSE CREEK, NEAR CHARLESTON

Photo by Edwin H. Lawton

ence is not mentioned on the stone, of Colonel William Rhett, the hero of many battles against the French and Spanish pirates, of Andrew Rutledge, Charles Pinckney, Rawlins Lowndes, and of Mrs. Cornelia Fremont, mother of the "Pathfinder of the Rockies", General John C. Fremont.

By 1751 the membership of St. Philip's had so increased that the building was far too small and an Act of the General Assembly divided the parish and established St. Michael's upon the still untenanted original site. Among the commissioners for the new building were William Bull, Jr., Andrew Rutledge, Isaac Mazyck, and Edward Fenwicke.

The daughter church closely resembles the Mother with its rough cast brick covered with white plaster, its similar size and proportions, its Corinthian pilasters in the chancel. But twelve Ionic columns support the galleries and its arched windows

are a double row, the upper shorter than the lower. Doric pilasters adorn the outer walls and there is but one porch.

The steeple rests upon a square tower and carries its octagonal beauty through three stages and a spire to a weather vane. The first stage houses the eight bells from whose bronze mouths come the silver tones that delight the ear. Four times have these bells crossed the ocean since their first trip in 1764 when they came to grace the new church. Captured by the British, they were returned to England. Repurchased, they traveled back. During the Civil War they were shipped to Columbia for safe keeping. But the keeping proved not to be safe and they were badly damaged in the burning of that city. Back to England once more to be recast in the original molds, they finally were returned to Charleston to hang in their proper place in the belfry of St. Michael's.

In St. Michael's small graveyard rest the remains of many wellknown men and women. Here are Charles Fraser whose beautiful miniatures are guarded carefully in the Art Gallery and in many private homes, Major General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney of Revolutionary War fame and brother of Thomas Pinckney who lies in the grounds of St. Philip's, John Rutledge, "Sometime Dictator of South Carolina" and brother of Edward who too lies in the yard of St. Philip's. And here lies that colorful woman, Eliza Lucas Pinckney, mother of the two famous brothers but fully as important in the history of her country as her sons.

As the wealthy plantation owners came from the West Indies and settled on the broad acres along the Ashley and Cooper rivers, new churches were needed and thus came St. Andrew's and St. James.

St. James at Goose Creek was established in 1706 and built in 1711 on that crooked tributary of the Cooper River. Here the wealthy planter-settlers built the kind of church they felt was in keeping with their lives and traditions.

More pretentious than the early churches of the city and longer in building, St. James has withstood the two and a quarter centuries as no other church in the province has. It is of brick covered with weather-stained creamy plaster. Three wide doors give invitation to enter. Thirteen windows with Roman arches and small panes but heavily shuttered for protection, give light and air. A cherub's head forms the key-stone of each arch and over the west door is the emblem, "The Pelican in her Piety."

The chancel, in its traditional location in the east, holds within its railing the high pulpit with its winding stair and sounding board. It is backed by a large window flanked by two of the same size as the other ten, but separated by two Corinthian pilasters and two tablets, one bearing the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer and the other the Ten Commandments. On both sides of the chancel windows, spreading to the doors in the north and south walls, are tablets to long departed parishioners. The colorful coat of arms of Great Britain rests over the center window, below the cornice. It was this emblem that saved the church

from destruction during the Revolutionary War.

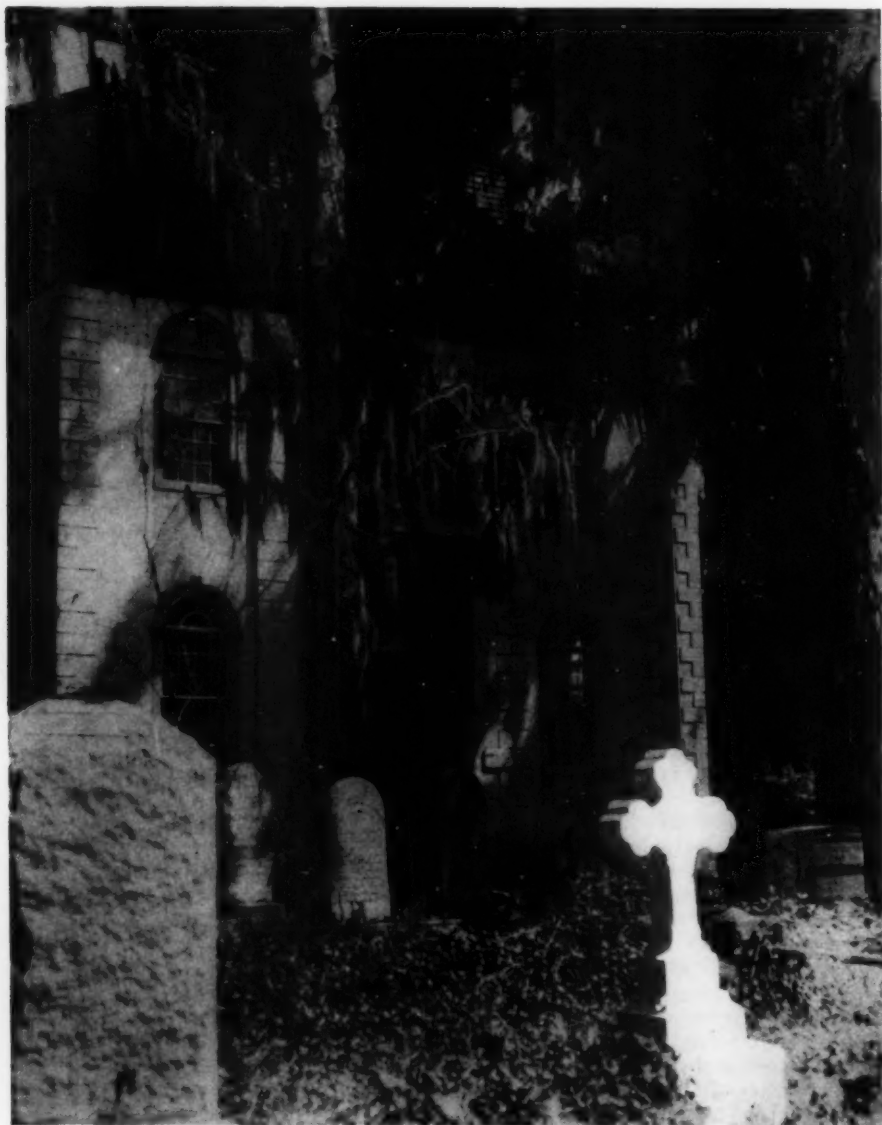
Of the memorial tablets the oldest is that of Colonel John Gibbes who died in 1711. But the most striking is the one to four generations of Middletons. Edward Middleton arrived in 1678, founded "The Oaks" nearby, became a member of the Grand Council of Carolina, and died in 1685. His son Arthur was President of His Majesty's Council. Henry was President of the first Continental Congress in 1774. It was he who married Mary Williams and thus came into possession of the beautiful plantation on the Ashley River which he developed into the world famous Middleton Place Gardens. His son Thomas, a member of the Provincial Congress, completes the four generations, the last three of whom are buried "without the eastern wall of this church adjacent to the chancel". A tablet to Ralph Izard who died in 1804, extolls his virtues. His coat of arms, painted as a funeral hatchment, hangs upon the gallery rail.

In front of the chancel a marble tablet in the stone block flooring marks the vault where lie buried the remains of the Rev. Francis Le Jau, the first rector of the church, who served from 1707 to 1717.

The communion plate and church records were lost during the War Between the States and the church fell into the hands of negroes where it remained for eleven years or more. The earthquake of 1886 damaged it to some extent but repairs were made. Fire has never touched it and today it stands as it did two hundred and twenty-five years ago.

In the churchyard are many stones. The oldest and most interesting one is that of Thomas Bromley who died in 1765. The inscription is in Latin and the stone has traveled from its original location at Peter Manigault's Goose Creek estate, "Steepbrook", to its present location by way of Charleston. Although the inscription tells us that Thomas Bromley rests "beneath this grove where in life he was wont to rest," one can think of no more peaceful place to lie than the quiet corner of this churchyard close to the brick wall with its crown of Cherokee roses.

St. Andrew's Church, on the Ashley



ST. HELENA IN BEAUFORT

Photo by Edwin H. Lawton

River Road, was founded in 1706 and a simple brick building very much like St. James' at Goose Creek was built. In 1723 the church was enlarged by the addition of chancel and transepts, making it cruciform.

It was destroyed by fire later and rebuilt in 1764 in which condition it has remained for nearly two hundred years.

In the churchyard are many graves, the oldest being that of Thomas Nairn:

HERE LYETH THE BODY
OF THOMAS NAIRN BORN Y^e 15TH
OF JANUARY 1697 AND DYED
Y^e 30 OF NOVEM^r 1718.

A large flat stone nearby, marking the grave of Mrs. Elizabeth Nairn and giving a brief story of her life, tells us that, "her second husband was Thomas Nairn, Judge of the Vice Admiralty of this Province, who was barbarously murdered by the Indians whilst He was Treating with them in the year 1715". Here also lies Charlotta, daughter of Lieutenant Governor William Bull and wife of John Drayton who built Drayton Hall, the adjoining estate.

Traveling north on the River Road, under the big live oaks, past the famed estates of Drayton Hall, Ashley Hall, Runnymede, Magnolia, and Middleton Place, on across the Ashley River toward Summerville, one finds a dirt road on the right that runs down to old Fort Dorchester and to the ruined tower of St. George. Here settled in 1695 the last emigrants to come in a body to Charleston, calling the place Dorchester from their home in Massachusetts. In 1700 they built a Congregational church, now in complete ruins from fire. In 1719 the Episcopal church of St. George was built. For sixty years these New England settlers lived here, then moved to Georgia in search of a better climate. The square foundations, marked by a few bricks, and the ruins of the square tower, placed strangely enough at the rear, are all that remain of St. George's Church. Standing back upon a knoll, it overlooks the road and also the lane which, curving around the churchyard, leads to the fort.

The fort is of tabby in the form of a square with a square bastion at each corner. Its walls, three feet thick, are still intact except for the fallen face of one bastion and a crack in an angle of another. A powder magazine of bricks mounded over with earth still occupies the center of the enclosure. There are two narrow entrances, one at the lane and the other directly opposite in the river wall.

Sixty miles or more to the south of Charleston lies the fascinating little town of Beaufort which has managed to retain its early character and to grow mellow with

the years rather than to suffer from old age. It seems to derive its time defying attributes from the old Episcopal church which dominates the center of the town.

St. Helena was established in 1712 just after the founding of the town of Beaufort by the Lords Proprietors of Carolina. This was the era of good Queen Anne, the patron of so many of the Episcopal churches of the southern colonies. But Anne seems not to have sent the new church a set of silver as was her wont, for the communion plate, still the treasured possession of the church, was a gift of John Bull in 1734 as a memorial to his young first wife who was carried off by the Indians in the terrible uprising of the Yemassee in 1715.

The church received its name from that of the parish, an English version of Santa Elena, the name given by the first Spanish expedition in 1520 to the outlying island and later given to the section as is shown in old Spanish manuscripts. The church was not actually erected until 1724 and has since been twice enlarged. Except for the wooden steeple which replaces the brick one destroyed by a hurricane, and the wide overhanging cornice, the church is of brick covered with a smooth plaster finish of the shade of old ivory. The many-paned windows with their semi-circular tops add interest and beauty.

The interior is fine and dignified with simple columns, a delicate balustrade on the slave gallery, and an elaborate cornice. St. Helena has seen the rise and fall of families and of family fortunes. It has seen two wars but withal it remains intact and is one of the oldest churches in the United States. During the War Between the States it was used as a hospital and many large stones were taken up to be used as operating tables.

In the churchyard, under the moss-draped and wisteria-hung sycamores and live oaks, under the broad-leaved magnolias, are stones bearing the historical names of Barnwell, Rhett, and Heyward.

Surrounding the churchyard, which occupies an entire block, is a high brick wall which enfolds but does not seclude. Friendly, smiling gates invite the passerby to enter and find a haven from the turmoils of today.

For a third of a century St. Helena took care of the spiritual needs of the settlement. Then as the plantations spread and the need for other churches arose, Sheldon was established fifteen miles away in Prince William Parish and White Church, chapel of ease to St. Helena, was built on St. Helena Island, about eight miles from Beaufort. These two are now but ruins but the three are so closely linked in the history of the town that to speak of one is to recall the others.

The chapel of ease to St. Helena was built shortly before the Revolutionary War of tabby. Brick arches and a course of bricks about every two feet in the walls provide strength and beauty. Covered with a smooth white plaster it became, whatever it may have been christened, White Church.

Although destroyed by a forest fire after the Civil War and never restored, the church is beautiful in its simple ruins. A small rose window in the front gable, a single column of brick to the west of the entrance, are interesting details. There is no indication that there might have been a column to the east.

The grounds around the ruins are cleared and cared for each year by the present owner of the land and there one may find the stones that tell the joys and griefs of the few families who owned the large plantations. In the names and dates one may read of marriages between the young people and alas, of the dreadful summer fevers which carried off the small children in such large numbers.

Sheldon Church lies inland, a mile or so from Gardens Corner. The narrow woodland road with its overarching moss-hung trees has the gloom of a cathedral but the ruins in the little clearing have the fine soft coloring in the slanting rays of sunlight that a cathedral altar has when the sun strikes through the stained glass windows.

On land given by Elizabeth, widow of Landgrave Edmund Bellinger, Sheldon Church of the parish of Prince William was built between the years 1745 and 1755 under the supervision of John Bull, youngest son of Stephen Bull who was a deputy of Lord Ashley. It is of brick in a style of architecture unusual for the section and

era. The rounded pilasters between the tall window arches and the columns across the front suggest the temples of the early Romans. From the many regular openings in the walls and columns, each caused by the absence of a brick, one gathers that a frame-work of wooden scantlings may have supported a lattice. Within, on one wall near the brick foundation of the altar, are the remains of two white marble knobs, broken and chipped by fire or vandals. The imprint on the bricks show that at one time a large tablet rested there. Little of the smooth white plaster covering the walls remains.

The outer walls, pilasters, and columns show in certain lights the clear remains of a white covering, so that Sheldon Church, too, must have been a white church in the days of its youth. Now in its age, in this forest of moss-hung live oaks and magnolias, it has a heart-breaking, a poignant breath-taking beauty. The bricks are of wondrous shades of rose and deep soft red, like the colors in a worn old Persian rug. There is a stillness about the place, a deep abiding peace that even the birds seem to feel for they flit quietly about and sing in subdued notes their evening song.

Sheldon Church, named from nearby Sheldon Hall, the home of the Bull family, named in turn from the ancestral home in England, was twice burned in the Revolutionary War and its woodwork largely destroyed. It was rebuilt in 1826 but was again burned in 1865. Although the woodwork is gone, and much of the plaster, neither fire, nor time, nor weather has destroyed the walls nor the four columns across the front.

Of these early Provincial churches, St. Philip's, St. Michael's, and St. Helena are in constant use. Easter services only are held in St. Andrew's, St. James', and at Sheldon. These are the oldest congregations south of Virginia. In the beauty of these churches one may read of the culture, the integrity, the purpose of those early settlers who came to make the new country. One may see how a people so steadfast, so devout could make of a wilderness a land of friendliness, a land of plenty, a land of beauty, and could keep it against all invaders.



THE CUPOLA HOUSE IN EDENTON, NORTH CAROLINA

Photo by Bayard Wooten

"Everywhere in Edenton One Steps On History"

MARY BREWSTER

THERE are places that stir one's better Americanism and that might be as good an answer as any to the polite but puzzled clerk in a transportation office in Richmond who asked: "But, if I may enquire, what is it that makes you so interested in Edenton?"

It was fulfillment of a dream and quest of years to see this historic old "towne on Queen Anne's Creek" before it was brought from its long and rather remote repose into today's world by means of the big bridges and motor highways that are adding to the economic resources but subtracting from the picturesqueness of the coastal Carolinas. Edenton, first capital of North Carolina and the "port of Roanoke", has the charm of Charleston and Williamsburg with an addition of an intrinsic something. Its quiet preservation of so much that once was a surging part of the fervor that launched thirteen colonies into an independent nation illustrates that amazing

general disregard of some rare native possession while tribute is paid to places of no greater significance abroad.

Two centuries ago it was the sea that gave life to the few little ports bravely fringing an uncolonized continent. But as inland was developed prominence also often passed that way leaving some of these first outposts almost forgotten.

Edenton—first known as Chowan's Precinct—was the first permanent settlement of white people in a part of the new world already tragically dowered with the mystery of Sir Walter Raleigh's "lost colony." Roanoke Island, birthplace of Virginia Dare, first white child born in this part of the world, lies off its coast.

In a fertile angle between shining waters where Chowan river joins Albemarle Sound, Edenton became an important port, home of royal governors, and an administrative, social and cultural center backed by swamps and wilderness. The town still



"HAYES," THE HOME BUILT IN 1801 FOR GOVERNOR JOHNSON

keeps memory of its early Indian ally, the chief Chowan, and has its original treaty for "perpetual and inviolable peace to continue as long as sun and moon endure."

Long afterwards, when in 1766 the capital was moved to Raleigh and the commerce that had busied Edenton was shared by oncoming ports, the town kept true to the wholesome dignity of its tradition. Today, with friendly selfcontainment and unostentatious consciousness of background, it expresses the serene loyalty of a place that has not forgotten its builders. It has protected its treasure of memorials, archives, church and other records so comprehendingly that it is stored with abundant proof of the statement that "Everywhere in Edenton one steps on history." In addition to material construction now linking it so much more with the world that one fears for the flavor that has kept it fascinating, two notable events of 1937 gave it widespread public attention.

Both the adjournment of the state legislature from the capital at Raleigh to hold a day's session in the old capital at Edenton and the summer's celebration of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Roanoke Island centered new interest upon Edenton with recall of its importance in early history and realization of its rare

retention of so much that in present hasty civilization is so heedlessly uprooted.

The fertility for which its soil and waters were early famed continues. John Quincy's diary in 1793 notes after crossing Albemarle Sound "Two days spent in dining and conversing with the most celebrated lawyers in Edenton. It is a question which town carries the most trade, whether Edenton, New Berne, Wilmington or Brunswick. It seems to me clearly to be the former."

North Carolina's earliest and quaintest laws had origin here which, with Vestry Books kept during the long history of St. Paul's church, preserve much of the pioneer effort from which honorable history grew. Nowhere in the Colonies was there more fervent uprising against unreasonable British interference.

Before the Declaration of Independence was signed (and Edenton was represented among the signers) the vestrymen of St. Paul's drew up The Test, a copy of which is engraved upon a wall of the church as follows: "We, the subscribers, professing our allegiance to the King and acknowledging the constitutional executive power of government do solemnly profess, testify and declare that we do absolutely believe that neither the Parliament of Great Britain nor any member or constituent branch

thereof have a right to impose taxes upon these Colonies to regulate the internal policy thereof and that all attempts by Fraud or Force to establish and exercise such claims and powers are violations of the Peace and Security of the People and ought to be resisted to the utmost and that the people of this province singly and collectively are bound by the Acts and Resolutions of the Continental and Provincial Congresses because in both they are freely represented by people chosen by themselves. And we do solemnly and sincerely promise and engage under the sanction of Virtue, Honor and Sacred Love of Liberty to maintain and support all and every the Acts, Resolutions and Regulations of the said Continental and Provincial Congresses to the utmost of our Power and Ability." Eleven representative men signed this the 19th of June 1776.

Two years before that fifty-one ladies met at Mrs. Elizabeth King's house and drew up resolutions to drink no more tea until the "odious tax" was removed.

The site of Mrs. King's house on one side of the Green between the Court House and Albemarle Sound, is marked by a bronze teapot mounted on the nose of a cannon. A number of cannon brought from France for defense during the Revolution stand in a row at the end of the Green pointing to the water across which they were brought by the Italian brig, "The Holy Heart of Jesus." Behind them is the first monument erected by the United States Congress to a Signer of the Declaration, Joseph Hewes, who once owned land in Edenton and who was the first Secretary of the Navy. He was a patron of John Paul Jones, some of whose plans for sea raids were made in Edenton.

A remarkable number of distinguished men have lived in Edenton, royal governors, senators, soldiers, jurists and patriots.

"Hayes," the home built in 1801 for Governor Johnson and still stately amid woods and fields bordering the sound, is one of the great plantations of the South.

In the town are an unusual number of unspoiled colonial buildings. Well preserved but not smartened, they are among the best specimens of pride and purity in southern architecture.

The Court House built in 1757 in place of the one built in 1719 and St. Paul's church built in 1736, also succeeding an earlier one, are still in continuous use. St. Paul's is one of the most perfect colonial churches to be found anywhere. Joseph Hewes was one of its vestrymen. Clement Hall, most active early missionary of the Episcopal church, was one of its notable rectors. So many patriots and statesmen of national influence are buried within and without the ivy-shrouded church that it is sometimes called the "Westminster Abbey of North Carolina."

The time-stained stones mark the graves of several royal governors including Sirs Thomas Pollock, Charles Eden, for whom eventually the town was named, and Henderson Walker who secured the first Vestry Act in the history of North Carolina in 1699 after which St. Paul's began.

The church interior with subdued impressiveness of old-time pews and galleries, communion silver dating from 1725 that has been called "the handsomest made in America" breathes a history and hallowedness to touch even a casual visitor. Its walls are lined with inserted tablets of uniform size. The dignity and exceptionally apt wording of these memorials to fighters in Indian, Colonial and Civil wars, to statesmen, schoolmasters, wardens, missionaries, preachers and patriots, keeps before us the significance of lives of the staunchest American effort. To quote but one of many: "Vestryman and lay reader of this parish for fifty years. A Confederate soldier. A trusted citizen and official. A Christian gentleman faithful and true."

Everywhere is peace. In the town as well as in the church one absorbs the stilled summary of vibrant pasts with renewed veneration for what building a nation meant.

A CORRECTION

The reproduction of the Sully portrait appearing on page 4 of our July-August issue was of Martha Wayles Jefferson, the daughter of Thomas Jefferson, not Mrs. Thomas Jefferson as it was captioned.



From a painting by Manuel F. Moseley of Roswell

FRANCISCO VASQUEZ DE CORONADO AT THE SANDIA MOUNTAINS. HIS JOURNEY TO THE SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA AND QUIVIRA BROUGHT NO RICHES TO MEXICO BUT OPENED A GREAT EXPANSE OF LAND TO THE SPANISH FOR COLONIZATION

Coronado Cuarto Centennial

1540

MARIAN FELL HINKLE

1940

In connection with the Coronado Cuarto Centennial, October 11 has been selected by the New Mexico Daughters to depict the coming of Stephen Watts Kearny and the raising of the United States Flag over the Old Palace of Governors. This celebration will be under the direction of the Stephen Watts Kearny Chapter, named for the famous General, and will be an important part of the New Mexico State Conference. The following article by the State Regent describes the highlights of the Centennial celebration and gives a background of the three civilizations which have made New Mexico the state that it is today

AND as the land, so the people! New Mexico is a great expanse of land. Here are the prairies rolling into the horizon line, and here the snow capped peaks rise twelve thousand feet into the clouds. Here is the cactus-covered desert and here

the fertile valley, side by side. The sweep, the magnitude and contrast of it remains with you forever, and so, the secret of that strange appeal of this land.

As to its people, it is as paradoxical. Here we find the ancient pueblos of the

Indians, and the little Spanish towns of adobe, and here as modern and progressive a city as any eastern metropolis. Here we find the "old timers", who are the pioneers of the west. They remember the cattle drives, the Indian massacres and "The Law West of the Pecos", and deep within them is that pride for the town and state they have created.

Few people know how very ancient is the history of New Mexico. The ancestors of the present day Indians of the southwest lived in New Mexico in 1100 A. D., and their communal villages with buildings of as many as twelve hundred rooms were scattered over that area. It was a land unknown to the white man for centuries.

The "Seven Golden Cities of Cibola" was the lure for Coronado's expedition into the "Northern Mystery", as the land north of Mexico was called.

Inspired by the stories of Cabeza de Vaca and Estevan, who struggled into Mexico from a shipwreck upon the coast of Louisiana in 1529, and the mistaken excitement of Fray Marcos de Niza, who brought reports home that the Zuni village was larger than the city of Mexico, and was covered with gold and jewels, Spanish leaders began to contend for the honor of leading an expedition to the north.

Francisco Vasquez de Coronado was the chosen one, and in the spring of 1540 he said goodbye to his dark-eyed wife at Compostela, Mexico, and set out on an expedition that was to take him as far as Quivira, commonly considered to have been situated in what is now the state of Kansas.

As Coronado passed before the Viceroy's reviewing stand that morning in early spring his gold helmet and breastplate, shone in the sun. His white horse pranced with excitement. Behind him rode his officers with iron helmets and leather headpieces, with lances and swords for weapons. They were followed by foot soldiers carrying crossbows, guns, and brass cannons, and then by gray robed Franciscan friars, and Indian allies in bright blankets with parrots and cockatoos on their shoulders. At the end of the colorful parade came the pack horses and wagons, sheep, cattle, goats, and pigs. There were four hundred men, eight hundred Indians, and two thousand animals.

As the cactus country became more difficult, the shining armor and helmets were scattered along the way. When the army reached Hawikuh, in western New Mexico, Castenda, who kept Coronado's journals, wrote that it was "a little crowded village looking as if it had been all crumpled up together." There was no gold, it was corn shining on the roof tops that Fray Marcos de Niza had seen.

The army wanted to attack immediately but Coronado held back, remembering his orders to "go in peace." Cardenas, one of the Captains, told the interpreter of the Zuni Indians: "We come from His Majesty, the King of Spain, Emperor of the Land beyond the Ocean seas, not to do them harm, but to defend them." The Archives at Seville record these words. From the journals we can surmise that Cardenas was the hard, cruel soldier, always wanting to fight and conquer the Indians, while Fray Marcos and Fray Juan Padilla wanted peace, and treated the Indians with kindness. Coronado was torn between these two influences.

The Spanish were worn and hungry, the Indians were frightened and defiant at the appearance of these strange white men. Alvarado said to Coronado as the army stood in front of the gates of Cibola:

"Let us take it soon, or we shall be too weak to fight for it." The battle was fierce and short. Indian spears and arrows were no match for the Spanish cannons. History tells that in this battle Coronado was wounded by stones hurled down on the invaders, and saved from death by his captains. The decision to fight decided the fate of the entire company and of all other expeditions, for from that time on the Indians never again trusted the Spaniards.

The Indians told of a great river not far away. Coronado sent Cardenas and twelve men to investigate this tale. They were the first white men to see the Grand Canyon, August 1540. The hardened soldier was moved:

"And there is a river of water below. It is like all this country we can see, but we cannot grasp . . . we have seen the greatest story beneath the hand of God." So writes Thomas Wood Stevens in his script of *The Entrada*.

From Cibola, Coronado went north until



Photograph by New Mexico State Tourist Bureau

THE CAMERA CAPTURES THE PANORAMIC BEAUTY OF AN AUTUMN COUNTRYSIDE IN NEW MEXICO, IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN NEAR CHAMITA. TOWERING IN THE BACKGROUND ARE THE SANGRE DE CRISTO MOUNTAINS, WITH TRUCHAS PEAK, THE HIGHEST POINT IN THE STATE, ON THE LEFT. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE RACKS OF BRILLIANT RED CHILI, HARVESTED EACH FALL BY THE SPANISH-AMERICANS

he came to Tiguex in the Rio Grande valley.* Here the entire army stayed for two winters. At first they lived in peace but soon trouble started over their trade treaties. The Spaniards needed food and blankets, but the Indians had little more than they needed themselves. A bloody battle and fifty day siege of Tiguex resulted, the Indians finally being defeated.

At Pecos, an Indian called "The Turk," told the Spanish tales of golden cities farther on, in what was called Quivira. Now commences the Conquistadores' most remarkable journey. They followed their Indian guides league after league over barren land only to find at Quivira the same old story—neither gold nor jewels; instead grass huts and Indians.

* Archaeologists uncovered evidence of fine art last year in the ruins of the Tiguex village. They found murals done in many beautiful colors.

In April 1542, the broken army began its weary trek back to Mexico City, reaching it with barely one hundred men of the original twelve hundred. At that time the expedition was considered a miserable failure. But we know that Coronado laid the foundation for the colonies that were later established in the southwest. He left behind him the footprint of Spain, and laid the foundation for hispanic culture which has left a definite mark on the country.

The expedition introduced Christianity into New Mexico. Fray Juan Padilla, Coronado's chaplain, who first brought the faith into the new world, worked to convert the Indians. From the journals we find that it was his duty to say Mass at least on Sunday and Holy days of Obligation for the General and his army.

Of all the inland explorers of the sixteenth century, with the exception of those

in Mexico, Coronado marched over a greater expanse of land than any other. He covered a hundred thousand square miles more than did de Soto, who was exploring the southeast at the same time. Coronado opened the Northern Country. After him came many expeditions, soldiers, friars, and settlers. The priests established a church, the first house of Christian worship in New Mexico in 1598.

Soon the Viceroy of Mexico recommended to the King of Spain that a new city be established in New Mexico, so we have the founding of Santa Fe in 1609, and the southwest open to European culture.

It is hard to realize that at the time a scarce half dozen settlements existed on the Atlantic coast, a regular transport service line was run along a 1590-mile road from Mexico City to Santa Fe.

In the seventeenth century Santa Fe came under influence of the United States through the famous Santa Fe trail which linked the Spanish settlement with the American outposts in Missouri, eight hundred miles away. This brought into New Mexico the third civilization, the American. In 1846 General Kearny raised the American flag over the Old Palace of Governors, and New Mexico became a territory of the United States.

During this year New Mexico is celebrating the Coronado Cuarto Centennial. The Centennial, under the direction of the United States Coronado Cuarto Centennial Commission, aims to preserve the fast disappearing history of the two former civilizations, the Indian and the Spanish, by encouraging literary groups to write of the history of New Mexico, and by inspiring artists to put the beauties of the state on canvas.

Valuable research work has been encouraged. The Coronado Library at the University of New Mexico is acquiring an extensive collection of photostatic copies of original manuscripts relating to the southwest. Already, more than a hundred thousand sheets of original manuscripts photographed in Spain and Italy have been bound.

In June the Coronado Museum was dedicated at Tiguex, the Pueblo where Coronado spent the winter of 1540-1541. The museum, an eighty thousand dollar develop-

ment, contains many relics and historical articles, along with the murals and paintings of New Mexico's present day artists.

Much emphasis is being put upon original sources. Old newspapers and magazines, once in attics, are now being read and studied. People who have lived during the days of early history are writing autobiographies.

Art exhibits will show the American Indian art—the murals taken from the kiva walls of the Tiguex Pueblo which Coronado captured, and from the Pueblo of Puaray. Next will be shown the ecclesiastical art—altar paintings of the Spanish-Mexican period. Finally, the Anglo-American period will be revealed, giving in all a wonderful record of four hundred years of art in the state.

The several exhibits are to be held at the Governor's Palace, Art Museum, the Laboratory of Anthropology, and the Museum of Navajo Ceremonial Art at Santa Fe; in the Harwood Foundation at Taos, the Art Department of the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque, the Historical and Art Museum at Roswell, and the Art Center at Gallup.

Now to the festive part of the celebration. The Centennial is unique in that it will not be held in one place like most other centennials. It will be held in sections of the state which will give natural historic and archaeological backgrounds. For example, the siege of Zuni will be enacted at the Indian Pueblo which is little changed since Coronado captured it.

The Spanish celebrations will be held both in large cities and in 'dobe villages. One day the celebration will be a gay fiesta in the plaza with beautiful costumes and music, the next day a simple Saint's day celebration. The traditional Spanish plays are not found in books, but are part of the very life of the people. "Los Pastores," "El Nino Perdido," "Moros y Cristianos," "Adan y Eva," and "Comanches," will be given.

In the larger cities we find the Entrada being acted by a local cast of five hundred people. It is an elaborate historical pageant in eighteen scenes depicting Coronado's expedition, worked out by the Centennial Commission. The stage used is three

(Continued on page 56)

Tamassee—"The Place of the Sunlight of God"

GRACE C. MARSHALL

"COME, go with us" to Tamassee, in the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains, and see for yourself the school-home that the Daughters of the American Revolution have built there.

It was in November 1914, that the South Carolina Daughters, in State Conference assembled, voted to establish a school for mountain girls . . . a school which should be owned, supported, and controlled by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Then, as now, a world war threatened. Then, as now, people were saying, "It will take the sanity of America to save the world; it will take the democratic way of life to give men, everywhere, 'the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness'."

So through the years these unselfish women worked and prayed for the fulfillment of their dream. While bombs and poison gas made the world temporarily a place of horror, the Daughters of the American Revolution, as they knitted and nursed and rolled bandages, planned and labored for a school in the South Carolina tip of the Blue Ridge, where the great-granddaughters of Revolutionary forbears might be taught to read and write, to sew and cook, to weave and to garden, and to be neighborly and to strive after righteousness.

Because of conditions that were both

world-wide and local, progress was slow at first; but the dream had been dreamed and the will to make it come true was strong in the hearts of the members of the

entire organization. Encouragement came from distant states in the form of Founderships and Scholarships; the mountain people who heard of the "D.A.R. School" contributed land and labor and a wistful encouragement. And that you may know the dream and "the stuff of which" this dream is made, please accept the oft-repeated invitation of the mountain folk and "Come go with us"

Enter the gates that mark the portal where cold and hunger and spiritual needs are met with warmth and food . . . nourishment for the body, the mind and the spirit. Enter the doors of the dormi-

tories that were built by New York, South Carolina, New Jersey, Indiana and Illinois; rest in the guestroom in All States Hall where the forty rooms were given by nearly as many separate states; visit the Health House that was the gift of Pennsylvania and see the tired mountain mothers who bring their sick children to its healing center; during a busy day's clinic, watch the generous medical men from various parts of the state examine the eyes, throats and teeth of the Tamassee pupils and arrange for needed treatment; look into the laundry that Michigan gave and watch the busy fin-



ORPHANS WHOSE ONLY HOPE LIES IN "TAMASSEE"

gers of Tamassee girls making fresh and clean the clothing and the linens for the entire school; inspect Ohio-Hobart Dining Hall and leave, if you can, without tasting the yellow butter and fragrant whole wheat rolls that the girls are serving for supper; sit in the auditorium and listen to an evening prayer service conducted by the children (an auditorium outgrown now!); attend the classrooms (of course they're much too crowded) and observe the splendid teachers and the eager children; call at the Business Office and inspect the bookkeeping and other records of the school; stroll along the roadway and read the tablets that mark the Memorial Acres that have been given in honor of loved ones; listen to the busy promise of power for lights and fire protection that Little River makes as it hurries to the dam and hydro-electric plant that a fine and generous woman gave to the school; watch the herd of Guernsey cattle as they are received into the Manger to provide milk and butter for hungry children, many of whom had never tasted either before they came to Tamassee; talk with the girls and boys (for boys have been admitted to Tamassee since 1932) who live at Tamassee . . . there will be a hundred and seventy-five of them this fall, with an additional hundred who attend by day, and, that you may know these children better and know the need they have of your D. A. R. School, accept *their* invitation, too, to "Come, go with us."

"Come go with us" to Nora's home: it isn't far away. Nora is a very pretty wide-eyed girl. She should be in college, at her age (she is twenty-three), and you are surprised to learn that she has not been in school for several years and now feels herself too old to enter the grammar grade in which her lack of advancement places her. She has stayed out of school because she lacked encouragement. And then a vacationing Daughter told her about Tamassee . . . told Tamassee about Nora, too. It wasn't hard for Nora to begin anew at Tamassee . . . so many young people do! At twenty-eight she had graduated and had won a scholarship in a Junior College. At thirty she was graduated again with a degree in Home Economics; and so proficient had she proven herself that she was employed by a chain store manage-

ment to head a new tea room. The tea room was a success under her supervision, so she was sent to rehabilitate another which had not proven so successful under previous guidance; again and again she was detailed to key positions; today, after three years, she is "trouble shooter" for the chain's entire southeastern district, with her own car and a professional air that comes only with success. Not long ago she presented a pair of handknit booties to a new baby and when she was thanked, stated simply that "I'm glad you like them. We have always made them that way in our family. The pattern was one given to my great, great, great, great grandmother by the mother of George Washington." The world needs girls like Nora; and the Daughters of the American Revolution are helping to find them through Tamassee.

"Come go with us" to the Hathaway home: here are six little children made orphaned and homeless on a day when the father lost his hold on life and, in acute discouragement, committed both murder and suicide. There are no kin living near enough for the children to recall, so there is no home to which they can lay claim. But the Circuit Rider who "preached the funeral" had heard about the school that the Daughters of the American Revolution had built "down Tamassee Knob way" and his faith in the D. A. R. dream carried the children with him, straight to the school. Four were of school age and have found not only a home but also a chance for an education and a place in the world at "The Place of the Sunlight of God." Their gratitude knows no limit and they strive, daily, to show it. One of these children stood on the platform of Constitution Hall during the Forty-ninth Continental Congress and thanked God . . . and the Daughters of the American Revolution . . . for Tamassee. A tin "tea set" was the only personal property of Evangeline, the youngest of the four; and so she chose from it the largest plate for a birthday gift to a worker she had learned to love at the school; these children are typical of at least sixty per cent of the school's enrollment . . . children who are either orphans or half-orphans.

"Come go with us" to Andrew's home: what a lot of children are there.

Should you ask why none of them are in school, the careworn mother would say, "Lan' sakes; couldn't none of 'em ever get so far as that!" . . . and you learn that the nearest school must be reached by first walking a mile to "catch up" with the neighbor who drives an old Ford car eight miles where he transfers his children to the township school bus for the additional seventeen miles to the nearest consolidated school. Twenty-six miles from mountain home to public school! . . . not as the crow flies, of course, but over mountain roads that you found impassable! The child who makes that journey starts "'fore day" and reaches home many hours "gone sundown." . . . A little girl named Geneva had a scholarship at Tamassee; but one was not available for her younger sister, so Geneva went back home to commute with Ruby, "To keep her spirits up . . . and then, too, some other girl can come to Tamassee in my place."

Well, Tamassee has Andrew and several of his brothers and sisters. Perhaps soon we can take them all. But there are really a great many of them to consider. When Andrew was sent to the blackboard by his teacher to learn to write capital letters and was told to write the names of all of his brothers and sisters, he hesitated for several minutes, then asked doubtfully, "Miss Jule, do you mean *all* of my family?" Miss Jule answered, "Yes, Andrew, write the name of each one as beautifully as you can." And Andrew ventured, "Then I think I'll need another board . . . they's seventeen of us boys and girls."

Every child who lives at Tamassee *must have a scholarship*; there is no other means of support. Children who attend classes by the day do not require scholarships; but the large majority of Tamassee girls and boys live in the dormitories, which makes the Tamassee problem of maintenance and support one to be computed in dollars and cents . . . dollars and cents to pay for food, shelter, heat, clothing, medical attention, books and instruction.

No child has ever been turned away from the school if a bed was available, though last year there were three hundred who begged to come and there were no beds.

"Come go with us" to the Yancy home: Jake will be sure to be away. He is the

only parent they have; but he is usually in jail or on the chain gang for one of his many excursions into law-breaking. (But that was before the children went to Tamassee.) Ellen is fourteen and "handy smart", as the neighbors say; Jodie is ten and everyone thinks she is a mute. Ellen loves to pick the derelict guitar that was her old gran'pap's; but Jodie just *listens* to the tunes and the little "noises that don't mean nothin'." And then one day Mr. Cain stopped in and talked to Jake; and the neighbors got the children off to Tamassee. At Tamassee, Ellen learned to sew, cook, make butter, cure meat, keep a room tidy, properly wash clothing and dishes; learned how to care for a sickroom and the invalid; she learned about the first Americans who lived much in the same way as her neighbors live, but dreamed of a finer and better civilization and culture that would make the country they loved the greatest in all the history of the world. She began to think of how she could help to make their dreams come true . . . she was sure she could start right in War Woman's Cove where she had always lived. Jodie still listened: and at Tamassee almost everything one heard "meant something". The best things one heard were the stories that the teacher told of places stranger than a mountain girl had ever seen . . . and the tales of how some people talked and acted. The children in her class were learning to read about these things. And then, one day, the class "play-acted" one of the tales! It was about a little girl called "Little Red Riding Hood" and Jodie knew just how little Red Riding Hood felt as she raced through the woods trying to beat the wolf to the grandmother's house. She knew how the gunshots sounded when the uncles came to kill the bad old wolf . . . and suddenly, she was "play-acting" too! . . . and she was a mute no longer! And as for the geography book . . . well, the second year she was at Tamassee she passed the examination in geography for both the grades that were crowded into her room and she made a perfect mark in both grades!

When the first summer came, these two little girls went home to be with their father. Jake was delighted to have them home and was filled with pride when Ellen read to him from the elementary

books which the librarian at Tamassee had given her to read during the summer. Having someone read to him was a much newer adventure than any of the old escapades that he had indulged in for so many years . . . and his "kids could show the cronies a thing or two when it comes to reading books"; so the summer passed without Jake having served on the chain gang. Stranger than that he got a job with a timber outfit. Strangest of all, he rallied the men of the neighborhood together and re-roofed the little schoolhouse-church which had been abandoned for so many years; and Ellen took her guitar to Sunday School and strummed at the hymns and she taught the younger children in the Sunday School to pray, "Our Father Who art . . ."

When September came, Jake came down to the school with the children to see "The Place of the Sunlight of God". An obliging summer resident brought them all down in her car. She was a D. A. R. too, from a distant state and she "wanted to see how such changes are wrought". She and Jake spent the day and made ready to depart when the sun was setting. In the office, the School Secretary said, "You must go so far and the roads are difficult. It will be very late when you reach home. Are you not afraid?" The visitor answered, "No, I am not afraid. A year ago I would not have opened my front door if I had known Jake Yancy was in the yard. Tonight I am going to ride forty miles with him over a lonely and dangerous road and I am not afraid, at all. He is a completely changed man since the children came home this summer. You thought you were merely helping Ellen and Jodie; and it would have been enough if only that had been accomplished. But through the little

girls you have made Jake into a new man. Through Jake, you have changed, in one summer, the whole outlook of War Woman's Cove settlement. If you could just reach all of the settlements that are so much like it, you could shape the future of America!"

Of course, that is just what Tamassee is trying to do. Sometimes the movement goes forward in great bounds; sometimes it seems to lag and the heart grows discouraged. Tamassee is a great force . . . both centripetal and centrifugal: it draws the child into its great heart of understanding helpfulness; then it sends that child out into the very fringes of living to carry with it a life made more abundant because the Daughters of the American Revolution have been willing, even eager, to share their hopes and their opportunities with these children of forgotten generations.

Tamassee was conceived in a great love for underprivileged children and young people. Each passing year has been one of growth and increased service. It is a D. A. R. institution . . . and its counterpart cannot be found in all the world. Prominent educators and great social scientists have visited Tamassee repeatedly and have proclaimed publicly their high opinions of its true and great world. They have called it a laboratory in right living. A famous educator said that it is the most magnificently unselfish effort and the most outstanding project in education that he had ever seen.

But the real meaning of its worth is best arrived at through the eyes of mountain men and women when they look deeply into yours and say, "We'd be pleased if you'd take our young ones into the D. A. R. School. We want they should learn the things you teach at Tamassee."



A TYPICAL HOME OF A TAMASSEE CHILD



PLAY DAY AT KATE DUNCAN SMITH SCHOOL

The School on a Mountain Top

LUCILLE S. EARLE

THIS is a real name for the Kate Duncan Smith Daughters of the American Revolution School, for it is truly a school on a mountain top. High up on Gunter Mountain, one of the Appalachian Range, it looks down on the coves and valleys of the lowlands and out to the Cumberland Mountains in all their beauty.

Sixteen years ago, after many years of dreaming and saving, the Alabama Daughters of the American Revolution established this school in the northern mountainous section of the state, in a community primitive and isolated, cut off from the rest of the state by rivers on two sides. In this community people had lived for generations as an almost separate civilization.

The school is open to the public, but the buildings and grounds are owned and controlled by the Daughters of the American Revolution through a Board of Trustees, comprised of fifteen persons, three of whom are named by the President General. It is a consolidated elementary and high school, serving an area of slightly more than one hundred square miles. The students come from small, over-crowded homes, and many have been retarded because of isolation and short school terms. The enroll-

ment is now well over five hundred, with many more desiring to be accepted. A faculty of twenty supervises these pupils.

The first unit of the school, opened in 1924, replaced several small "one teacher" schools. It consisted of a building containing four classrooms in which one hundred pupils were taught by a faculty of two, and an office. Since that time seven additions have added seven classrooms and an auditorium which has been roughly partitioned to provide four more rooms. To this first unit has been added a large and well equipped Vocational building. The Pennsylvania Log Library houses several thousand books; the Julia Douglas Heaume Teacherage, a gift of the Ohio Daughters, and the Ball Teacherage, presented by the George and Frances Ball Foundation, make living more comfortable for the faculty; Munson Cottage provides a home for the principal; the Florence Hague Becker Recreational Hall is a center for play; Shepard Water Tower, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Harper Sheppard, holds an adequate water supply; and the Georgia D. Schlosser Cottage is a home for the Vocational Agriculture teacher and an important part of the Indiana Model Farm. Other generous

donations have made the progress of the school rapid and steady during its sixteen years of existence.

One of the problems of our hill top school has been the difficulty of medical care and the lack of health instruction. A forward step was made in the solution of this problem when the Minette G. Mills Dick Health House was completed and a public health nurse added to the school personnel. The Health House is a small cottage which contains a first aid room where examinations can be made and emergency treatments administered, and which provides living quarters for the nurse. Her major project has been to teach the people in the surrounding community how to care for themselves in their homes, and she does a great deal of visiting both among pupils and parents. Six Health Centers in different parts of the mountain with organized Health Clubs in each center which meet once a month to discuss health problems of the families and community, are making important strides in community health improvement.

The nurse also supervises classes of high school girls which meet once a week for discussions.

The school curriculum has been modified to meet rural needs rather than college entrance requirements, since ninety per cent of the students will probably remain on Gunter Mountain and not more than three per cent are likely to go to college. Foreign languages have been eliminated in favor of training in agriculture and home economics. Students are being taught the very simple but important chemistry which farm families need to know for

smooth and economical operation of their farms and homes.

Those in charge of school policies feel that the success of their work is dependent upon the improvements which must be made on the farms and in the homes. The Vocational Agriculture and Home Economics departments have had gratifying success in inaugurating and completing projects. The school sponsors adult education classes and cooperates with Federal, state and county agencies. Recently two of the buildings were filled with workers busily engaged in making mattresses as a county extension project. The cost to each person for a comfortable mattress was only fifty cents and more than a hundred were made. As a result, mountain slumber will be more restful with these than with the usual "corn shuck" variety.

The Vocational Agriculture teacher goes over the whole mountain supervising crops, doctoring and improving stock, installing better farming methods, teaching crop rotation and soil conservation, spraying fruit

trees, and transporting farmers to visit experimental stations.

One of the most interesting and worthwhile activities is that carried on at Anne Rogers Minor Practice College, the gift of the Connecticut Daughters, where the Home Economics teacher lives and has under her supervision four girls each month. These girls, in each year of high school, are given opportunity to spend a month in the cottage for practical training in all phases of homemaking. While one mother declared, "You can't learn to cook out of a book," the girls feel differently and



VACCINATING TWO PUPILS AT DICK HEALTH HOUSE

often declare their stay at the college of greater benefit than anything else learned during their school life.

There are the usual school recreational activities, basket-ball, movies in Becker Hall, plays, debates, and all day "sings." Each year a "Good Citizenship" girl is selected.

When the necessary funds are available, it is planned to have a demonstration farm, developed on the Indiana Model Farm, which will be under the supervision of the Vocational Agriculture teacher and the school chapter of Future Farmers of America.

Better methods in home cooking and canning have been introduced and are being practiced, and comfortable and attractive houses are replacing worn structures as a result of adult education classes.

"Ours" is not only a big county school, but a *community* school for all the people on Gunter Mountain. Perhaps we can never turn out as finished a product as a school could do where the students live in dormitories under constant supervision, but perhaps five hundred young people, instructed in worthwhile things during school hours and returning at night to their homes with new ideas for a better way of living,

may be giving to their parents many opportunities which the parents were denied in their youth.

A small boy wrote the following lines and read them when he dedicated a bird house, which he had built as a member of the opportunity class after a spring study of birds. The verse, reproduced without alteration, is not unusual, but as the composition of a little boy living in a part of the community so remote that it cannot be served by the school buses, it has real value.

THE BLUE BIRD

Spring has come
And winter is gone
Now I can hear
The Blue Bird's song.
The song she sings so proud and gay
The one she sings most every day
The song is as pretty as can be,
Because she is blue, oh, don't you see?
Her nest is sometimes in a *stomp*
But it's almost too tight,
She had rather have a box like this,
And it painted white.

Sometimes the home nest is too cramped for the expansion of the human soul and larger quarters and better opportunities must be provided. That is what the school on the mountain top is trying to do.



The Scuff of Shoes

CATHERINE LE MASTER ECKRICH

*I find a joy in little feet,
That lately were so quiet in bed.
They tap a tune so light and sweet,
There's nothing I would take instead.*

*If it were mine, to have and choose,
One simple, tender, human joy,
I'm sure I'd take the scuff of shoes,
The footsteps of a little boy.*



A Special Lineage Offer

Owing to a surplus of certain volumes of our Lineage Books, a special price of \$1.00 per volume, plus 15 cents each for postage, is made for volumes 65 to 125 inclusive. The books in this group are in good condition. There is also another special offer of volume 1 and volumes 43 to 86 inclusive for fifty cents each. Many of these have soiled or worn covers but content is in perfect condition. Send all orders, with remittance, to the *Treasurer General*, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

Some other Lineage Books available at this time are \$5.00 each, but the majority are \$3.00 per volume. The four volumes of Index are on sale at \$5.00 each.

• Genealogical Department •

LUE REYNOLDS SPENCER

Genealogical Editor

NOTE: All letters pertaining to this department should be addressed to the
Genealogical Editor, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

Personal letters should be addressed to 713 19th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

IN these troublous times, let us turn our attention to the preservation of the records of our individual families. While in the past we were content to collect records in central places,—in large libraries “where they will always be preserved and available to the public”, recent tragic events in other lands prove that large centers of population are especially vulnerable to attack. If we wish to preserve the history of our precious American heritage, come what may, we should lose no time in collecting duplicate copies of our own family records. Let us disseminate that knowledge to all who can prove like ancestry. The time for “being exclusive” is past. Let us become “all inclusive”. Your Magazine through the Queries section is one answer to the problem.

* * *

The person who gives his time and money to the compilation and publication of genealogical and historical material seldom receives sufficient remuneration to cover the actual expenditures. In response to many requests regarding available Maryland material in our Library, the published and unpublished records are meager in comparison with the importance of its history and its many fine families who have played such an important part in the making of our nation.

Among such contributors, Harry Wright Newman, 1701 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., has given us **Anne Arundel Gentry, 1933**, a study of twenty-two pioneer families; **The Smoots of Maryland and Virginia, 1936**; **The Lucketts of Port Tobacco, 1938**; **Maryland Revolutionary Records, 1938**, a compilation of Revolutionary data obtained from

pension claims and bounty land grants. His **Charles County Gentry**, a genealogical history of five immigrants, their descendants and their migrations to the south and west, is now awaiting advance orders upon which depends its publication.

* * *

Additional Abstracts of Wills of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, contributed to this Department by Miss Eleanor J. Fulton, 905 East King Street, Lancaster County, are published “to satisfy some of her many inquiries”. The interest created by this fine work is gratifying. We again remind the “Anxious Inquirer” that common courtesy requires at least the enclosure of postage if replies are expected.

Allison, James (1776—C—Vol. 1, p. 324). Written March 12, 1776; Probated April 24, 1776; Donegall Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Yeoman. Mentions: Sister Sarah Allison; Nephew James DeFrance; Nephew John DeFrance; Nees Jane Killwell, dau. to my sister Rebekah. Sons & daus. of my sisters Janat Watt and Margaret Bowman in North Carolina; Executors: Trusty friends John Mays and John Jamison, Jr. Witnesses: John Leech, Johannes Longenecker, Jacob Bossler.

Allison, Rebecca (1764—B—Vol. 1, p. 420). Written Jan. 10, 1764; Probated Oct. 2, 1764. Mentions: Two youngest daus.—Sarah & Rebekah; Two daus.—Jean Watt & Margrat Bowman; Son James Allison; Two nephews James DeFrance & John DeFrance. Executors: Son James Allison and my bro. John Allison, Sr. Wits.: John Machon, Wm. Campble, John Allison, Jr.

Allison, Richard (1758—B—Vol. 1, p. 228). Signed Oct. 31, 1757; Probated March 27, 1758; Donegal Twp., Lancaster

Co.—Plantation. Yeoman. Mentions: Wife Elizabeth; Son William; Son-in-law William Miller; Son-in-law John Allison; Son James; Grandson Richard William's son; Dau. Mary's son William Allison. Executors: My 2 sons William & James. Wits.: Joseph Tate, David Byers.

Allison, John (1784—E—vol. 1, p. 34) ALISON, as signed by himself. Written Aug. 29, 1782; Probated May 13, 1784—June 14, 1784. Little Britain Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Yeoman. Mentions: Son John—35 £; Dau. Jane MComb—20 £; Dau. Mary Hughs—15 £; Dau. Shusanna Evans—25 £; Dau. Martha—15 £; Sons Robert & Joseph; To dau. Florana—second best bed & furniture, also Case of Drawers, Spining Wheel & Silver Buckles, also 75 £; To Joseph my Negro Slave man George, likewise my Watch, Desk, Dining Table, Cupboard & 3rd best bed & furniture; Order my printed books to be divided bet. my sons Robert & Joseph in manner following: To son Robert—Dictionary, large Bible, Harvey's Letters, Cheyns Philosophy, Romain's Sermons, Crouser's Art of Thinking; To son Joseph—Watson's Body of Divinity, the Gazateer, Harvey's Meditations, Confession of Faith, Muir's Sermons and Lelland's View; And all the rem. of my books to be equally divided between them; Also to Joseph—part of Plantation whereon I dwell, adj. Gillespie's Road & John Atcheson's land & Robert McClelland & William Brooks; To son Robert all rem. of Plantation, tenements, buildings & improvements thereon; Son John; Daus. Martha & Florana. Executors: Robert & Joseph. Wits.: Patrick Ewing; Hugh Steel, Wm. Ritchey.

Allison, Robert (1760 Book I (eye), vol. 1, p. 2). Written May 13, 1760; Cole-rain Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Mentions: Wife Jean Allison (also written Jane); My bro. John Allison's sons Hugh Allison and Robert Allison; My bro. James Allison's dau. Jean Allison. Ex.: Wife Jane Allison & Samuel. Wits.: Robert Guthry, Henry McLean, and Neal McNamea.

Allison, John (1747—J—vol. 1, p. 4) Written Apr. 5, 1747; Probated May 15, 1747; Derry Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Mentions: Wife Jeanet Allison; Children: Robert Allison; Jean (Jane) Alison; Isa-

bel Alison; Margrett Allison; Jenate Alison; Son James. Place in Virgeny. Ex.: Wife Jeanet Allison. Wits.: James McCollough, Wm. Breden.

Allison, William (1739—A—vol. 1, p. 36). Signed Aug. 8, 1739; Probated Aug. 18, 1739; Derry Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Mentions: Wife Grisell Wray (Rea); Children for schooling; (Ref. Egles Notes & Queries names them Margaret, Patrick & Robert—3S, 3v, p. 164). Ex.: Bro. James Allison & Bro.-in-law Charils Ree. Wits.: James Ree, James Allison, Charles Ree.

Allison, James (1749—A—vol. 1, p. 179). ALISON, as signed by himself. Signed Oct. 18, 1749; Certified as true copy of orig. will & probate Nov. 22, 1754. Sadsbury Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Plantation. Mentions: Wife Mary; Son John; Daus. Margrat & Mary. Ex.: Trusty friends Jno. Barclay & Rob. Alison. Wits.: Wm. Langhlen, John Blacke, John Work.

Allison, Robert (1766—B—vol. 1, p. 429). Signed Sept. 28, 1764; Probated April 1, 1766; Derry Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. "I Leave & bequeath to the Trustees of the Phila hospetole the sum of 100 pounds for the use & benefit of the sd hospetole". "To trustees of that Gramer School at Newark about 10 mills from Newcastle sum of 100 pounds for use & benifit of sd school". "To Anabella McDonell, sister to John McDonell, Esq., of Cumberland that bond due by Thomas & James Anderson being 192 pounds 11 shillings & 6 pence with my slieve Buttons & Shoe Buckles & Doddridges Rise & Progress of Religion, hervies medetations & Mrs. Roc's Exercises of the heart". Mary Scott, housekeeper . . . and Mr. Baxter's Life of Faith with Dr. Watt's hymns. Cusen Patrick Allison, son to bro. William, my stick & bridle, 2 yr. old coal and remainder of my books. To his brother Robert, watch & my negro boy Dick to serve his 17 yrs, from this Deat(?) & then to be free. To Mary Clark, dau, to George Clark, decd., that bond due by James Fulton being 30 pounds to be applied to Bring her up. Cousen James Allison, son to my bro. James, decd.; Patrick Alison, son to my bro. John; John Allison; Jeny Clark & Margret Allison, children to my brother John; Patrick Alison & Robt. Allison, sons

to my bro. William; Sons of my sister Jean Smith, decd.; my 2 cusers John & Wm. White, sons to my sister Margret White, decd. Executors: My 2 bros. Wm. & John Allison and John McDonell, Esq., of Cumberland (McDowell??). Wits.: David Allison, Abraham Scott, Mary Scott. Codicil mentions Rose Craford, dau. of my bro. John—bed, bed cloths, table & chairs, peuter & tea things; & Wm. Allison, son to my bro. John have the yr. old Coal. March 11, 1765. Present David Allison & Mary Scott. Ref.: Egles Notes & Queries, 3S, 3V. p. 503. 3S, 2V. p. 465.

Allison, James, Sr. (1742—A—vol. 1, p. 74) of Counirks (?) Plains Plantation. Signed Aug. 20, 1738; Probated Sept. 17, 1742. Mentions: Wife Jean; Dau. Isabell; Sons James & John. Executor: Wife. Wits.: Robert Bayers, Robert Cunningham. Codicil: Oct. 9, 1739. Wits.: James Ree, Robert Cunningham, and James Allison. Remarks: To son James 80 yds. Lining Cloath due by my son John.

Allison, James (1762—B—vol. 1, p. 417). Written Aug. 31, 1762; Probated Dec. 7, 1762; Donegal Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Plantation. Mentions: Wife Rebekah (died Sept. 1764, acc. to Egles Notes & Queries, 3S, 3V., p. 164); Son James Allison (m. dau. of Gordon Howard-do); Bro. John Allison; 2 nephews James Defrance & John Defrance, sons of my dau. Anna Defrance (grandsons); Dau. Janat Watt, wife of Wm. Watt; Dau. Margrate Bowman; Dau. Sarah Allison; Dau. Rebekah Allison; Son James Allison. Executors: Wife Rebekah Allison and Son James Allison. Wits.: John Allison, Nicklas McClelan and John Machon.

Allison, John (1767—B—vol. 1, p. 431). Signed May 5, 1767; Probated June 2, 1767; Donegal Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Mentions: Wife Ann; Son Patrick; Dau. Jane Clerk & her dau. Mary Clerk (Clark); Dau. Rosey Crawford & her son John Crawford; Dau. Margaret Allison; Son John Allison; Son James Allison . . . and Melatoe Boy called Frank; Dau. Ann . . . & Melatoe girl called Sall; Son Wm. Allison . . . & Little Melatoe boy Jack; Son Robert Allison; Sons to be made good English Scholars. Executors: Trusty & well beloved friends James Anderson & Joseph

Candour. Wits.: Patrick Campbell, James Alison and Joseph Allen.

Reed, John (1752—J—vol. 1, p. 213) Written Apr. 13, 1752; Probated Oct. 26, 1752; Bart Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Mentions: Wife Jean Reid; Son-in-law John Shinnon; Samuel Shinnon; Son David Reid; Sons David, George & Joseph; Son James Reid; Son Alexander Reid; Dau. Ann; dau. Agness Reid; dau. Mary Reid; Son-in-law John McCafrey; Ex.: Trusty & well beloved sons, David Reid and George Reid. Wits.: John Anderson, Charalls McCallester, Robert Alison.

Reed, Patrick (1767—C—vol. 1, p. 32) Written May 21, 1760; Proven Apr. 3, 1767; Salsbery Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Plantation. Yeoman. Mentions: Wife Jane; 5 children—Margaret, John, Alexander, Andrew, Patrick. Ex.: Wife Jane Reed & James Moor. Wits.: John Clark, Robt. Graham, Ann Griffith.

Reed, James (1768—C—vol. 1, p. 37) Written Jan. 10, 1768; Probated May 5, 1768; Strasburg Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Plantation. Mentions: Wife Jean; Sons—William, James, Hugh. Ex.: Wife Jean & son William. Wits.: Sam'l Ramsay, Hugh Barclay, John McDowell.

Reed, William (1803—H—vol. 1, p. 332). Also written Read & Reid. Written May 20, 1803; Probated July 26, 1803; Drumore Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Yeoman. Mentions: Wife Mary; Son William Reid; Dau. Elizabeth, wife of Mathew Welch; Dau. Nancy; Son Joseph—under 21 yrs.; Dau. Jennay (also spelled Jiney & Jeney); Dau. Polly. Ex.: Wife Mary & son William Reid. Wits.: Wm. Steele, Jacob Cunkle.

Reed, Robert (1801—H—vol. 1, p. 101). Also spelled Read. Drumore Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Allow no Spiritous Licker to be used at my Funeral. Signed July 16, 1800. Probated Apr. 20, 1801. Mentions: Sons Thomas, John & James Read; Grandson Robert Read, son of James Read; Granddau. Jean Read, dau. of James Read; Granddau. Sosannah Read, dau. of James Read. Ex.: Trusty friends John Read, Samuel McElroy. Wits.: Archibald Archer, Jos. Read.

Reed, Robert (1786—E—vol. 1, p. 376). Signed May 20, 1776; Probated

July 22, 1786. Drumore Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Plantation. Mentions: Wife Hannah Reed; Sons—James Reed, Samuel Reed; Dau.-in-law Jean Reed, wife of my son James Reed; Grandson Robert Snodgrass, son of my dau. Jean; Grandson Robert Snodgrass, son of my daughter Hannah. Executors: Sons James Reed & Samuel Reed. Wits.: Robert Reed, Wm. Ritchey, Jr.

Reed, Adam (1769—C—vol. 1, p. 36) Written Oct. 21, 1765. Probated May 5, 1769. Hanover Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Mentions: Wife Mary; Daughter Elenor Whitehill; Dau. Mary Harris, wife of John Harris. Ex.: Robert Whitehill & John Harris. Appoints Wm. Hamilton, Esq., & Samuel Holady overseers. Wits.: John Williams, John Young, William Stewart.

Reed, George (1789—F—vol. 1, p. 164). Written June 27, 1785. Probated Oct. 5, 1789. Martick Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Plantation. Yeoman. Mentions: Son John & daus. Mary and Ann. Ex.: Son John & Son-in-law Wm. Bigham. Wits.: John McCreary, Thomas Clark.

Reed, John (Capt)—(1777—C—vol. 1, p. 461). Written Aug. 1, 1776. Probated May 13, 1777; Upper Paxton Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Yeoman. Wife Margret; Dau. Elizabeth; Sons William & James; Brother James. Ex.: Samuel Cochran & George Clark. Wits.: Walter Clark, Joseph Sherer.

Rea, George (1746—A—vol. 1, p. 126) Written Nov. 30, 1745. Probated March 18, 1745. Hopewell Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Yeoman. Mentions: Wife Eleanor; Bro. James Rea. At decease of wife, estate to go to Sarah McClung, wife of John McClung. Cousin James Laughlin. Ex.: My trusty & well beloved friends Charles McClung & James Dunwoodie. Wits.: Wm. Lamond, John Walker, Abraham Walker.

Reah, John (1787—E—vol. 1, p. 405) Written Nov. 11, 1785; Probated March 28, 1787; Little Britain Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Yeoman. Plantation. Mentions: Wife Jannet; Dau. Agness King; Son Andrew; Dau. Rebekah (also spelled Rebecca); 2 sons Samuel & John. Ex.: Sons Samuel & John. Wits.: Wm. Whiteside, Thomas Whiteside.

(To be continued in November issue)

Among the many valuable contributions that have been given to our Library is that of **Springfield, Massachusetts Families**, by Thomas B. Warner. This manuscript was given to the Connecticut Valley Historical Society.

This was copied by hand by a few members of the Mercy Warren Chapter, D. A. R., Springfield, Massachusetts, 1934-5. One feature that is most commendable is an extra fly-leaf which states "This manuscript was copied by—", then follows the names of twenty-two members and the statement "typed and indexed by Ella May Lewis". There are three volumes containing seven hundred and eighty pages, alphabetically arranged and an additional index volume of two hundred and thirty-eight pages.

The work throughout shows amazing regard for detail and a devotion to a fundamental of our Society, as expressed in Article II of our Constitution. All honor to these devoted women! A sample page follows:

Volume I page 59.

BLISS

Thomas Bliss and wife Margaret were at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1640. According to Stiles' History of Windsor, her maiden name was Margaret Lawrence. He died —? and widow came to Springfield. She died 28th of August 1684. See Longmeadow Centennial, page 187, for his estate, which mentions his daughter Hester.

Children:

1. Ann m. 29 April 1642 Robert Chapman
Mary m. Hartford, 20 November 1647, Joseph Parsons
Thomas went to Norwich
2. *Nathaniel m. Catherine Chapin
3. Lawrence m. Lydia Wright
4. Samuel m. Mary Leonard
Hester m. Edward Foster
Sarah m. John Scott
Elizabeth m. Miles Morgan
Hannah died 25-d 11-m 1660
5. John m. Patience Burt
2. Nathaniel Bliss (Thomas and Margaret) m.
9-m. 20-d 1646
Catherine Chapin (Deacon Samuel and Cicely).
He died 9-m 18-d 1654; widow m. Thomas Gilbert.

Children:

6. Samuel, Jr., born 9-m 7-d 1647, m. Sarah Stebbins

* Indicates the lines that are carried further in the book.

- Margaret, born 9-m 12-d 1649, m. Nathaniel Foote
 Mary, Born 7-m 23-d 1651, m. Nathaniel Holcomb
 7. Nathaniel, born 1-m 27-d 1653, m. Deborah Colton
 3. Lawrence Bliss (Thomas and Margaret) m. 25-d 8-m 1654, Lydia Wright (daughter of Samuel and Margaret)
 He died 1676 and his widow m. John Norton.

Children:

- Lydia, born 8-m 29-d 1655, died 27-d 12-m 1655/6
 Sarah, born 2-m 11-d 1657, she died 18-d 2-m 1657.
 Sarah, born 2-m 4-d 1658, died 25-d 6-m 1659.
 Samuel, born 3-m 7-d 1660, died 27-d 3-m 1660.
 8. Samuel, 3rd., born 16 August 1662 m. Hannah Styles and Elisheba Brace
 Hannah, born 26 May 1665, m. Thomas Colton.
 *Sarah, born 27 November 1667, m. Samuel Smith of Hadley.
 9. William, born 28 April 1670, m. Margaret Lombard.
 10. Pelatiah, born 19 August 1674, m. Elizabeth Hickcock.

* Note third recurrence of name Sarah and second of name Samuel upon death of earlier children so named.

This family alone covers pages fifty-nine to eighty-one and includes such names as Burt, Wright, Lamb, Cooly, Field, Flag and Brewster, Cushman, Chandler, and hundreds of other families that claim descent from this worthy couple.

* * *

A resume of the forty-nine years of the Genealogical Department will be published in the Jubilee number Notes and Queries grew out of articles on ancestry and biography and was first published in Volume 17 in 1900.

* * *

The Revolutionary War Pensions have been transferred from Wing 8, Navy Building, 18th & Constitution Avenue, to the new Archives Building, 7th & Pennsylvania Avenue, where they are available to the public between nine A. M. and four P. M. on weekdays, and from nine to twelve on Saturdays. It is a satisfaction to learn that Miss Finch and her assistants will remain in charge.

* * *

Abstract of some early wills, Hardy County, Virginia, now West Virginia, copied from manuscript of E. L. Judy, Petersburg, West Virginia, prepared for use

in proposed History of Grant and Hardy Counties.

The items selected are generally of leading pioneer settlers of the South Branch Valley.

The explanatory caption of this manuscript is as follows:

"In this abstract of wills, we give in consecutive order separated by dashes, Names of Decedents — Beneficiaries — Personal Representatives — Witnesses—Date—Page—Other references in a few cases only."

County Court Book 1

Christopher Ermontrout—Wife Susanna; sons Henry, John and Christopher; and daughters Mary and Susanna—Henry Ermontrout and John Ermontrout—Josiah Gordon, Daniel Stockey and Hagar Carr—July 10, 1805—311.

John Scott—Wife Catherine; sons Alexander and Adonijah; and daughters Elizabeth, Mary and Rebecca—Moses Welton and Andrew Birns—John Welton, Frederick Steinbeck, A. Welton and Hanson Veach—October 9, 1805—313.

Adam Radabaugh—Sons Peter, Henry, Martin, George and Adam; daughter Mary Mawyers; grandchildren Mary, Peter and Christian Higher, and Barbara Carshner—Christian Simon and Peter Rohrbaugh—Abraham Simon, David Collins and Christian Simon, Jr.—September 10, 1806—334. Land on South Fork.

Abraham Clark—Wife Sarah; sons Watson, Henry and Abraham; daughters Nancy and Mary; and children of daughter Sarah—Watson Clark and Job Welton—James Hughes, Morgan Byrnes and Charles Murphy—April 13, 1808—373.

Jacob Chrisman—Wife Magdaline; sons Isaac and Jacob; daughters; and son-in-law Thomas Little—Isaac Chrisman and Lionel Branson—James Claypool, Jacob Claypool, Robert Church, Matthias Wilkins, Jacob Miller and Jacob Holleman—May 10, 1809—382.

John McNeill—Wife Amy; sons James, Jonathan and Strother; daughters Polly, Amy, Anna, Jennie, Sidney, Sallie Pancake and Hulda Russel—Isaac Pancake and Jonathan McNeill—Strother McNeill, Jacob Yokum and James Machir—March 16, 1809—400. Includes land in Hampshire.

Alexander Simpson—Wife Elizabeth;

sons James, John, Jonathan and Isaac—Aaron Welton—Frederick Steinbeck, Josiah Gordon and Job Welton—February 15, 1809—406.

Samuel Baker—Sons Jacob, William, Jesse, James and Solomon; Nimrod, Martin, Sarah, Cynthia, and Temperance children of son Moses; and daughter Mary Hill—Jacob Baker and Jesse Baker—Thomas Little, Abraham Little and John Little—September 13, 1809—426.

Lionel Branson—Wife Rebecca; sons William and Jonathan; and daughters Sallie, Rebecca, Katie Ellen and Elizabeth Welton—Rebecca, William and Jonathan Branson—John Hopewell—April 10, 1810—436. Lands on Lost River, in Shenandoah County, and on Scioto River in Ohio.

John Harness—Wife Eunice; sons Adam, George, Solomon and Joseph; heirs of son John, deceased; daughters Jemima Cunningham, Sarah Cunningham, Hannah Hull and Elizabeth Welton; heirs of daughter Rebecca Cunningham, deceased; granddaughter Eunice Cunningham; and Elizabeth Exline—George Cunningham and William Cunningham—John Cunningham, Rebecca Cunningham, Michael Yokum, Jacob Yokum and Adam Harness—June 12, 1810—443.—Includes land in Randolph County.

George See—Wife Christiana; sons George and Adam; children of son John deceased; and daughters Phebe Couchman, Mary and her husband John Craigen and Elizabeth and her husband Leonard Stump, and Katie Paul and her daughter Clara—John Craigen and Adam See—George Harness, Jr., John Hay, William Bullitt, Edward Williams and James Machir—June 11, 1811—469.

County Court Book 2

James Claypool—Wife Margaret; sons Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; daughters Margaret Thomas, Hannah Evans, Esther Jacobs, Ruth Denton, Elizabeth Wollard and Tirzah Blizzard; children of deceased daughters Anne Wilson, Jane Peppers, Rachel Berry and Rhoda Jeffries—Abraham Claypool and Jacob Claypool—George Harness, Mary Harness, Henry Harness, Simeon Pain, Abigail Pain, John Harness and Mary Triplett—September 10, 1811—10.

Philip Stombaugh—Wife Katie; sons Jacob, Peter, John and Henry—None—Christopher Armentrout, John Patrick, John Patrick, Jr. and Harman Patrick—June 9, 1812—29.

Sithman Homan — Wife Magdaline; adopted children Peter Hyre, John Light, Benjamin Thickson, Martin Powers, Jr., Jene Lewis and Matilda Lewis; Mary Hyre Homan—Magdaline Homan and Peter Hyre—Valentine Powers, Sr., Valentine Powers, Jr., and Peter Buffenberger—September 10, 1812—31. Includes land on Cheat River and in Tygart's Valley.

Captain James Parsons—Wife Rebecca; sons Isaac, Solomon, Jonathan and James; daughters Betsey, Amanda, Rebecca and Dinah wife of Michael Hider—Rebecca Parsons and Isaac Parsons—George Harness, Jr., Samuel McMechen and James Machir—April 13, 1813—46. Includes lands on Horse Shoe Bottom.

Samuel Wyckoff—Wife Martha; sons Simon and William; and daughter Anne—Joseph Nevill and Simon Wyckoff—Jethro Nevill, Elizabeth Nevill and Henson Lewis—September 14, 1813—61.

Jacob Peterson—Son Jacob; and daughters Mary, Elizabeth, Sallie, Eve and Phebe—Jacob Peterson—Conrad Carr, John Kornonn, Caleb W. Taylor, Joseph Hogbin and Aaron Welton—February 14, 1815—121.

David Welton—Sons Felix, Job and Jesse; and daughters Rachel, Elizabeth Rennie and Rebecca Moducett—Felix Welton and John Welton—James Gray, Isaac Hutton and James Barker—December 12, 1815—146.

Christian Wise—Sons Frederick and John; and daughter Lydia Wilkin—Frederick Wise—Anthony Miller and Jonathan Branson—April 9, 1816—164. Land on Lost River.

Martin Bowman—Wife Elizabeth; sons Jacob, Peter, Martin, Adam, and David; daughters Mary wife of Mathias Gilmore, Hannah wife of John Kitzmiller, and Elizabeth wife of Harman Snider; sons-in-law William Wiles and Thomas Wilson—Peter Bowman—Samuel Hanlin, Sr., Samuel Hanlin, Jr., Martin Hanlin, Samuel Bonfield, Jonathan Hanlin and U. Bruce—November 12, 1816—296.

Peter Buffenberger—Wife Mary; sons Daniel, Peter, Solomon, William, George,

and Elijah; daughters Clora, Linda, Elizabeth Moser, Susanna Peterson and Mary wife of Peter Vandeventer; and Jethro and Elizabeth, children of daughter Magdaline Vandeventer—Daniel Buffenberger, Solomon Buffenberger and William Buffenberger—Adam Douglas, Peter Hire, Morgan Byrns and Matthew Gilmore—November 11, 1817—299. Includes land in Randolph County.

County Court Book 3

Joseph Neville—Sons Joseph, John, Jethro, and George and his wife Elizabeth; daughter Amelia Steele; and grandchildren Presley, Joseph Nesbit, Milton and Mary Neville, and Nancy Parsons—Edward Williams, Samuel McMechen and Jethro Neville—David Cosner, David Gilmore, Peter Gilmore, Simon J. Wyckoff and Matthew Gilmore—April 13, 1819—4. Includes lands in Randolph County.

Philip Peter Cosner—Wife Catherine; sons Christian, Jacob, Adam, Philip and John; and daughter Elizabeth Maak—Christian Cosner—George Schell and Francis Idelman—May 11, 1819—8.

Job Welton—Sons John, Aaron and Job; daughters Elizabeth wife of John Clark, and Nancy wife of Peter Hutton; grandchildren Moses and Job Hutton, and Rachel and Lewis Welton, children of Moses Welton; and Abraham Hutton—John Welton, Aaron Welton and Job Welton—James Gray, Felix Seymour, William Heath, Jones Green, James Seymour and Solomon Cunningham—November 14, 1820—101.

Valentine Powers, Sr.—Wife Mary; son Valentine, Jr.; and son-in-law Peter Hire; and children of Henry and Magdalene Fink—None—Warner Throckmorton and Job Welton—August 12, 1823—235.

Abel Seymour—Wife Anne; sons Garrett, Richard Rennick, Felix, William and Isaac V.; daughters Anne, Mary, Rebecca, Catherine Cunningham, Margaret Welton, and Elizabeth McMechen—Job Welton, Samuel McMechen, Felix Seymour and Van Seymour—David Van Meter, Moses Hutton, Mortimer D. Williams and B. Fawcett—September 9, 1823—242. Includes land in Hampshire County.

Abraham Inskeep—Sons James, William, Jeremiah, John, Abraham, and Isaac; daughters Sarah Wilson, Rebecca Machir

and Rachel Vause—Abraham Inskeep and Isaac Inskeep—Isaac Van Meter, Joseph Cornell, John Cornell, Jr., William Heath and David Van Meter—October 14, 1823—250.

County Court Book 4

Benjamin Bean—Sons George, John and Jesse; daughters Priscilla Carr and Elizabeth Gerris; and heirs of daughter Mary Byrns—John Bean and Jesse Bean—John Clark, Aaron Welton, Thomas Seymour, Hiram Taylor and Job Welton—May 13, 1828—290.

James Marquis—Wife Rebecca; sons Smith, William K., John G., Wilson and James, Jr.; daughters Rebecca Harris, Margaret Martin and Nancy Schell; and Smith, John G. and James M. heirs of daughter Keziah Martin—Rebecca Marquis and James Marquis—William Stingley, William W. Davis and Henry Hawk—June 10, 1828—297.

William Cunningham—Wife Jemima; sons William, Jr., John and George; heirs of son Solomon; and daughters Hannah wife of David VanMeter and Sallie wife of Garrett VanMeter—William Cunningham, Jr., David VanMeter and Garrett VanMeter—B. Fawcett, James Carr Gamble and William Snodgrass—July 8, 1828—305. Includes land in Glades of Randolph County.

Queries

Queries must be submitted in duplicate, typed double-spaced, on separate slips of paper and limited to two queries (a) and (b) of not more than sixty words each. Add name and address on same line following second query.

All information available to us is published, so correspondence regarding former publications should not be sent to this department.

Answers to queries are voluntary but information of general interest therefrom will be published. Mutual assistance to those seeking the same or related information is the purpose of this department.

Queries conforming to the above requirements will be published as soon as space is available.

I-40. Wolf.—Wanted name and any available dates of father of Jeremiah Wolf (Wolfe, Wolff) born April 17, 1777, Washington County, Pennsylvania, died November 9, 1860, St. Louis, Missouri. July 4, 1802 married Nancy McMurrian, born October 24, 1774, died June 7, 1838.—Mrs. G. A. Turner, Nunn, Colorado.

I-40. Worden-Brownell. — Wanted parentage, places and dates of birth of Al-

bert Worden and wife, Clarissa Brownell. Albert and Clarissa Brownell Worden had children who were Charles H.; Ferris; Cecelia and Anna. The Albert Wordens before coming into Iowa were living at probably West Plains, New York.—Mrs. Benjamin G. Miller, 1245 Forest Avenue, Crete, Nebraska.

I-40. (a). Morris.—Wanted the birth records of Robert Morris and his children. Robert Morris came to Youghiogheny County, Virginia, now Greene County, Pennsylvania, about 1766. He died in Greene County, Pennsylvania, about 1829. From a court record, we have children, Isaac m. to Mary —; Benjamin m. —; John m. to Rebecca —; Henry m. Edie Hichman, he born 1780, died in Noble County, Ohio, 1855; Mary m. — Stillwell; Nancy m. William Stiles. Bible is said to have been taken west.

(b). Morris.—Wanted the birth records of children and names of wives of Richard Morris, Sr. who came to Greene County, Pennsylvania, from Freehold, New Jersey about 1800. Died 1824 in Greene County, Pennsylvania. Know son Richard Morris, Jr. preceded him to Greene County, Pennsylvania, and probably other sons did. In an agreement made shortly before his death, he named John, Richard Jr., Joseph and a daughter Lydia, wife of Copper-waithe Smith. He is said to have been the father of seventeen children.—Mrs. T. H. Morris, 37 College Heights, Waynesburg, Pennsylvania.

I-40. (a). Julian.—Who were the parents of Ruth Julian (Julan, Julien, Julien, de St. Jullien) born 1818 Ohio, Shelby County? died July 25, 1876, Adair County, Missouri. Married ca 1839 Miama County, Ohio, to Dr. William Martin Gates, son of Jacob & Elizabeth (Bailey) Gates.

(b). Bailey.—Who were parents of Elizabeth Bailey, born 1780-90, Ind.—What county? Died 1841 Shelby County, Ohio, married ca. 1815, Fort Wayne, Ind., to Jacobs Gates, born 1780-90, Maine, son of Benjamin Gates, "from N. E. to Ohio".—Mrs. W. W. Badgley, Tudor Hall, Washington, D. C.

I-40. (a). Adams.—Wanted parents of Samuel Adams born 3-11-1749, died 8-3-1818 Sheffield, Mass. Served in Revolution from Farmington, Conn., married

Eunice —. Also parents of Eunice —, his wife.

(b). Cressler.—Wanted parents of George Cressler (Kressler-Crisler, Chrisler) born 1768 Northampton or Bucks Co., Pa. Married Maria Catherine Clippinger, daughter of Frederick Kloeppinger whose father, George, is buried at Stone Church, Kreidersville, Pa. George Cressler owned property in Cumberland County, Pa. and died there.—Mrs. Carl W. Fleck, Mt. Holly Springs, Pa.

I-40. (a). Staplin.—Daniel Staplin, born March 1, 1782, I think near Hartford, Conn. Died Oct. 19, 1850, married July 4, 1803 Esther Wilson, born 1784 died Feb. 4, 1825.

(b). Hare.—Birth, death, marriage dates of Nicholas Hare (or Has) married Hannah Chapman. Also dates of their son George Hare, married Wealthy Wood, born 1793 died April 3, 1839, Sharon Conn.—Mrs. Dan T. Burke, 34 Beverly Place, Utica, New York.

I-40. (a). Rogers.—Giles Rogers II, (1719-1794), Albemarle Co., Virginia, had a son, Achilles, who married his cousin, Molly George. Wanted names of Achilles' children. Was there one named Aquilla or Acquilla who later moved to Kentucky and Indiana. Wanted name of Aquilla's first wife who was mother of: James, Isaac, Philip, Lewis F., Aquilla Jr., and Nancy.

(b). Green-Hawks-Fitch.—Eliza Green married Roswell Hawks, who was cofounder with Mary Lyon of Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Massachusetts. Eliza was the niece of Dr. Ebenezer Fitch, the first President of Williams College. Her father was a physician and a brother of Dr. Ashbel Green, an eminent Presbyterian minister. Wanted names of her father and mother with dates.—Mrs. R. W. Van Valin, Newberg, Oregon.

I-40. Taylor-Jones.—Wanted ancestry of Chas. Taylor 11th, who married Cynthia Jones. He was born Feb. 21, 1783. Married Mch. 8, 1807 and died Oct. 7, 1893. There were 10 children, Charlott Betsy, Caroline Angeline, Corinth Jones, Cornish Gilbert, Dewitt Clinton, Cynthia Soiza, Hiram Jones, Chas. Jr., John Jay, and Mary Jane. Family lived in Pine Grove, Warren Co. Pa.—Mrs. G. H. Bumgardner, Box 921B, Bessemer, Ala.

On the American Bookshelf

The Patriotic Thing. William O. Stevens. Dodd, Mead & Company, \$1.50.

Frontiers of the Northwest. Harold E. Briggs. D. Appleton-Century Company, \$5.00.

Westward from Vinland. Hjalmar R. Holand. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$3.00.

Our Southwest. Erna Fergusson. Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.50.

Figures in a Landscape. Paul Horgan. Harper & Brothers, \$2.50.

Clear for Action. Clements Ripley. D. Appleton-Century Company, \$2.50.

Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona—It does not matter whether you are a Democrat or a Republican, the roll-call of the states is bound to be soul-stirring. Beautiful New World Indian names! Echos of the Old-World with heart-break and longing in the syllables—*Louisiana, Missouri, New Hampshire.*

As you hear them you remember the verses, the stories about your country, stories which you were taught in your schooldays. Perhaps you are grieved that some youngster you know does not seem to have the same deep sense of American patriotism. It is because, you believe, that youngster has grown up in an age when international friendship rather than national pride has been stressed. Perhaps, too, democracy was taken for granted and the schools thought it more necessary to stress the newer forms and theories of government. Whatever the blame, publishers and educators are now emphasizing American History, and once more the study of Democracy is being stressed. The best book I have found to put in the hands of young people of high school age, or of adults for that matter, is written by a headmaster of a boys' school, one who realizes the problems and the questions of boys, who has set in at many an early-morning discussion, and has no difficulty either in speaking or understanding the boys' language. Neither has he forgotten how to lead straight from the shoulder.

I am referring to *The Patriotic Thing* by William Oliver Stevens. This is not a presentation to the tune of "It is true because I say so." Rather it is a clear presentation of facts, from which youth can draw its own conclusions.

Mr. Stevens does not over-paint the virtues of our democracy, but he does make them clear. Perhaps he presents no better example than that of Finland and Russia, two countries living side by side under two different ideologies, the one democratic, the other supposed to be socialistic.

"Dictatorship," says Mr. Stevens, "is a power which relies on force, it is limited by no law, and is subject to no rules to direct it,—an idea of government just as far from the Declaration of Independence as one can possibly go."

He discusses the responsibilities of the individual toward his government and he is very definite regarding these obligations. Democracy is the government *by, of and for* the people. If they fail to accept their responsibilities, the failure of Democracy is laid squarely on their shoulders. Mr. Stevens suggests that you know your history, collect Americana on the bookshelf, listen to both sides of good debates, such as the Town Meeting of the Air. Learn to weigh one claim against the other. Come to your own conclusions. This is a book no dictator would allow in his country. Put it freely in the hands of America's youth. Read it yourself.

While as for collecting Americana, that is likewise a suggestion you can apply. In the old days no one who pretended to have a library of any size would think of omitting histories. Parkman, Fiske, Prescott, such men were better known than fiction writers, and with good reason. There was a flame, a zest about their books which has not been equalled since, perhaps because as Stevens suggests American history has been reduced to the building of railroads and the raising of cotton. There is a large amount of truth in the fact that there has

been a strong tendency to stress economic phases rather than personal achievement. For instance *Frontiers of the Northwest* by Harold E. Briggs is concerned largely with economic rather than personal history. This book, however, is most certainly recommended for your collection of Americana. For the history of North and South Dakota, Montana and Wyoming is conditioned, more perhaps than any other group of states, on economic factors. Not man but the nature of the country itself largely governs its development.

The author deals with his subject as a series of frontiers, the gold frontier, the buffalo which drew hunters and adventurers, the frontier of cattle, of sheep, and finally with the coming of the railroad, the frontier of settlement and of agriculture. The railroad was the key that unlocked this new country. "Before that the prairies were as empty as the open sea." But there was one type of settler, a transient one to be sure, but one which still visits the northwest, which has a vast economic importance and is a greater menace than was the Indian or any uniformed enemy could be—namely the grasshopper. The story of the northwest is therefore the story of the land, of creatures, and lastly of man.

The writer has held himself a little too closely bound to figures and facts to let the epic spirit of his material really emerge from the printed page. That spirit is there between the lines if you are the type of reader able to supply it for yourself.

There is special power and appeal in the account of the incoming settlers to this region—I choose words of description at random from his account—colonists from New York, from Bohemia, Russian-German groups coming from southern Russia, Hutterians from Germany, Mennonites, English and Scotch settlers, people from Wales, five hundred families whose heads were former soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, Rumanians, Pennsylvanians, Methodists from Wisconsin, Irish, and Russian Jews. How could four states hold all this variety—a Lansing colony from Michigan, seventy-five Hollander families, a colony from Missouri and two from Canada, a Polish colony, New Englanders, settlers from Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Nebraska and Missouri—"They

came to till millions of acres that had never known a plow, to make new towns, to redeem the empty places." This is America in the making.

One of the most fascinating tales in American History is that of the rune stone found in the last century near Kensington, Minnesota. At first this was considered a hoax of some sort, but through additional scholastic knowledge acquired since that time, and especially through the devoted work of Hjalmar R. Holand whose last book on the subject is *Westward from Vinland*, it is now apparently proved beyond reasonable doubt that this stone preserves an actual record of the presence of Northmen in this portion of the country, one hundred and thirty years before Columbus came to the West Indies.

Not only does the stone fit perfectly with all that is now known concerning old saga reports of Vinland and visits thereto, but further confirmation is available in the discovery of three Norse battle-axes, a fire-steel, and an ancient hatch, likewise of Norse design, and duplicated in Scandinavian museums.

The story of *The Kensington Rune Stone* has been told by Mr. Holand before in a book by that name. In the present book he goes into the full story of the Norse discoveries, beginning with the Vinland voyages, and sums up all the evidence. Most important of all after Mr. Holand thought he had discovered the actual spot in Minnesota described in the rune as the scene of a battle between the Northmen and the Indians, typically marked mooring stones were found in that vicinity, and similar stones have been discovered in other places in the country so that the actual route of the Northmen can be suggested. The final chapter on this engrossing subject will be written when the burial place of the dead explorers of which the rune speaks is definitely established.

According to the correspondence quoted in the notes, many authorities, at first skeptical, have now been converted to the authenticity of the stone. Perhaps if Mr. Holand could hold his own enthusiasm a little in check, the case might appear even stronger. But to be the discoverer of a new chapter in history gives one good reason for enthusiasm.

Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Colorado—there are not many individuals living in these states who do not know a good deal about the history of the east. There are many easterners who do not know the history of the southwest and have no conception of the fascination of that portion of our country, where according to Erna Fergusson, author of *Our Southwest*, "the past meets the present" and "You catch your archaeology alive, for the Indians live and worship as they did four hundred years ago."

Our Southwest is a most successful combination of history, travelogue and just plain interweaving of those details about human beings, what they have done and are doing, which makes a fascinating mosaic and teaches the reader an immense amount without his realizing that he is being taught.

The history of the southwest goes back to the colorful expedition of Coronado. Somehow those early Spanish explorers have a curious fashion of seeming very much alive when you are in this section of the country. Perhaps it is because of the Spanish-American settlers who came up from Mexico with Onate soon thereafter, to settle at Santa Fé and to give beautiful Spanish names to the mountains, the towns, and the rivers. They left the impress of Old Spain in the Southwest as surely as the Pilgrim and Puritan brought England to New England. The Indian partook of that colorful heritage and still retains it in his dress, his art, his peach orchard and his herds. Perhaps the beauty of Spain appealed to something deep in the Indian soul which ages upon ages before had known the color and beauty of the Orient.

In this book you will read of dance and fiesta, of old settlers and their tales, of hidden gold and gold which has been found. The author's sense of humor is always in evidence, as well as her deep love of humanity, and of the country about which she writes. If you cannot actually travel to this portion of our land, the next best thing is to read Miss Fergusson's book. And if you can go you should take the book with you. It will be a grand interpreter of much which you might miss without its companionship and friendly guidance.

And for a little lighter reading, by a

master hand, you might try Paul Horgan's *Figures in a Landscape*. Here are stories and essays, short and long, linked together presenting somehow the simplicity, the grandeur, the sparseness of detail for which the southwest is synonymous. "Against the land stand three great themes: the Indians, the Spaniards, and the American pioneers." But always they stand *against* the land.

There is a strength in that country which seeps into men's hearts. And from the story of the two Mexican boys who go forth into the mountains to bring food to their mother, and in the experience grow suddenly into men; to the letter of the modern business man who stops overnight to visit his son at a school and in that night finds somehow that in the pursuit of business he has lost the manner of life which he had glimpsed now and then in college, "something wonderful," that was "let slide."

Here is the landscape of the southwest. Here is the effect of the southwest upon the figures which come into it. Some figures have played their parts in history; others are small-town folk of yesterday and today. "The country hasn't changed any. It's the people that are different."

And finally, having travelled over unexplored parts of our land, you might turn for a little back to the sea. There is one hero who has only recently come into his own, and that is the father of the American Navy, John Paul Jones. If you read the excellent biography of this man, called *Knight of the Seas*, which was published last spring, you will be delighted to read *Clear for Action*, a novel by Clements Ripley, which is a live, sparkling story of John Paul Jones, presumably as told by his clerk.

If characters of history of John Paul's time seem stiff and uninteresting to you, they will not seem so after reading this book. Those were turbulent times, peopled with men and women who dared much for their convictions. In a day when courage is needed, when the way ahead seems dark, it is well to have a writer of Mr. Ripley's ability present a novel with the ringing title, "Clear for Action."

Somehow one feels like saluting. In the

(Continued on page 56)

• Committee Reports •



Junior American Citizens

THE golden rod has bloomed,—a sure sign that school time is here again, after a summer of fun and frolic. Boys and girls stream into the cities brown and happy after a long summer at camp in the mountains or seashore. Other boys and girls skip along shady country roads, bound for the last chance at the Ole Swimmin' Hole before the school bell rings, and the routine of the school year starts. Little shoes are getting a polish, having been put away for the summer months, dresses are having the hems "let down" because of summer growth, and the atmosphere is permeated with thoughts and plans for the opening of school!

Junior American Citizens clubs throughout the country will start up again, and more and more clubs will be formed, through the impetus of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

It is hardly necessary for the National Chairman to point out the urgent need of these clubs. What of the citizens of today? What of tomorrow? Into what paths will the boys and girls of today turn? Through a more thorough understanding and appreciation of the American Way of Life, our citizens of tomorrow, our Junior American Citizens, will go forward as men and women of integrity, honor, square thinking, loyal citizens. The ideals of the past will continue on through another age, and the efforts of our members will live as a real tribute to their memory.

Take, for instance, the boy who left his small home town, a member of a Junior American Citizens club, and went to a large

city, Chicago, to earn his living. The work offered to him brought him into contact with various temptations and "isms." He weighed them all with cool judgment and calm deliberation. He writes: "Often into my mind came questions. Young men who were working with me were doubtful and cynical. Some of them did not seem to know just which way to turn, nor which road to follow. But, thank goodness, I had been the president of my Junior American Citizens club in P—— and it has helped me a lot to keep my head. I am so thankful for the club that was in my school, and when I go back to P—— I want to see Miss H—— and tell her all that it has meant to me."

So, out into life went one boy—so out into life go thousands of others. Equipped or unequipped, they all face similar situations, and with a foundation of good citizenship, a desire for civic service, an appreciation of the American Way, these young men and women will bring up the standard of American living and keep their country free from the menacing hatreds, biased prejudices, and brute ideas which boys and girls in other countries have had forced upon them.

You who read this article: Do you know about Junior American Citizens? Have you ever been to a club meeting? Have you ever seen the eager faces of these young Americans? Have you heard them say their Creed, or sing their songs, or perform their plays, or whatever they do? If not, then you have missed something very fine in life. Have your state regent or state chairman of this work. Seek information and enlightenment.

These are serious times throughout the world, and youth is groping. We can and must help them. You who are helping the children of foreign lands, taking them into your homes, serving humanity,—have you done all you can for the *Junior American Citizens*?

ELEANOR GREENWOOD,
National Chairman.

Motion Pictures

THE following pictures are listed as suitable for type of audience indicated, and the synopsis is given to aid you in selecting your motion picture entertainment. Audience classifications are as follows: "Adults," 18 years and up; "Young People," 15 to 18 years; "Family," all ages; "Junior Matinee," suitable for a special children's showing.

ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO (Warner Bros.)

Director: Anatole Litvak. Cast: Bette Davis, Charles Boyer, Barbara O'Neil, Jeffrey Lynn, Harry Davenport.

A powerful screen play has been made from the successful novel by Rachel Field, and the outstanding work of the two leading players, Miss Davis and Mr. Boyer, places the picture among the notable ones of the year. The story, a strongly human one, is highly dramatic and moves steadily toward its tragic end. It is that of a French teacher who takes a position in Paris in the home of a Duke, as governess for his four children, wins his admiration and respect by her intelligence and devotion but arouses a frantic jealousy in his neurotic wife. Tragedy and heartbreak are the inevitable result, and one's deepest sympathy is stirred for the two people whose lives are torn by events and situations over which they have no control. The supporting cast is a strong one, the nineteenth century settings are simple and effective, the direction distinctive and the music by Max Steiner is important. The film is of high quality and one of the finest so far produced. Adults.

CAPTAIN CAUTION (United Artists)

Director: Richard Wallace. Cast: Victor Mature, Louise Platt, Leo Carrillo, Bruce Cabot.

This is one of the famous "Arundel" stories by Kenneth Roberts laid in the colorful period of the War of 1812. The tale opens with the capture by an English warship of an American merchant vessel which had been at sea for several months en route from the Orient to Arundel, Maine, and whose passengers were unaware that war had been declared. The dramatic events which follow are strongly presented by a well chosen cast. There is no compromise with history but discretion has been used in picturing the unpleasant situation that once existed between the United States and England. The adaptation of the novel presented many problems but skillful handling has resulted in a film of historic and entertainment value. Adults and young people.

MILITARY ACADEMY (Columbia)

Director: D. Ross Lederman. Cast: Tommy Kelly, Bobby Jordan, Jackie Searle, David Holt.

A well told story, with strong human appeal, of three boys in their early teens who attend the Benjamin Franklin Military Academy and learn much from their experiences and training. The original and exciting treatment given the story material, the realistic scenes and the natural acting of the students are all highly commendable. The picture presents in dramatic form the training of boys in standards of honesty and good sportsmanship, and interprets in a memorable way the school's code of honor inscribed on the gymnasium steps "Never mind me. Take care of the other fellows." Family.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (MGM)

Director: Robert Z. Leonard. Cast: Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, Mary Boland, Edna May Oliver.

Rural England is the setting for Jane Austen's comedy of manners in which the prides and prejudices of the Victorian era are seen in the romances of the daughters of a modest English family. The story has been given a sentimental treatment in keeping with the period, its abundant humor is quiet and its charm and pathos most appealing. It is concerned with a scheming mother over-anxious to marry off her daughters, with a lover over-proud of his family and a girl who is prejudiced against class discriminations. Helen Jerome's dramatization of the book is the basis for the screen play, admirably written by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin. Costumes and backgrounds are as authentic as careful research can make them and the acting of a uniformly fine cast is of a high order. Much of the entertainment value of the picture lies in the modern flavor which permeates this recreation of an England of a bygone period. Not to be missed. Adults and young people.

THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH (March of Time-RKO Radio)

The first feature-length production attempted by the dependable March of Time is a vigorous presentation of a period of American history—that of the war years of 1914-1918. The documentary study presents facts and figures taken from newsreel clippings of the time, and a human interest angle has been included by showing the effect of the war on the people in a small town. The result is a valuable pictorial record of American history during the early years of the World War and of the events that finally caused the United States to join forces with the Allies. The ending pictures the signing of the Armistice and offers a toast to the ramparts of democracy and freedom for which our country is today preparing its defense. The crisp and forceful voice of the March of Time commentator adds emphasis to the pictured material. The production has been

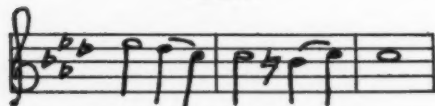
eighteen months in the making and the painstaking research involved is clearly indicated in the film which, coming at a grave moment in international events, is both timely and important. Adults and young people.

THE ARCHIVES (Columbia) Short subject

Washington Parade No. 5. Unusual scenes in and about the beautiful Archives Building which stands as a living memorial to the patriots who made and preserved her democracy. Among the important treaties preserved here are the First Treaty of Ghent which ended the War of 1812, and the original document in which Great Britain acknowledged in 1783 that her Colonies were now the United States of America. The subject will be of interest to everyone interested in the American ideas of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Family.

MARION LEE MONTGOMERY
(Mrs. LeRoy),
National Chairman.

Advancement of American Music



American Women Composers

MANY American women composers have been inspired by love of country, faith in God and respect for the flag. And so, "Patriotic Music," chosen for September might include "My Country's Creed," Elizabeth Merz Butterfield; "Hymn to America," Grace Warner Gulesian; Mrs. Crosby Adams' arrangement of "America" with Henry Van Dyke's verses; "Heritage," Phyllis Fergus; and "I Pledge Allegiance to My Flag," Stote-Bridges.

Florence Marshall Stote, Myrtle Miller Bridges, Mrs. Butterfield and Mrs. Gulesian are D. A. R. members. Many others (over seventy reported to date) are known to chapters through the composer research, whose music is available for an October program, "Composer-members". Suggested compositions include Josephine Forsyth's "The Lord's Prayer"; Four Courtly Dances for two pianos, Ruth McConn Spencer; and by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, dean of our women composers, "Farewell Summer," for piano. "Ecstasy," for voice, "The

Greenwood" chorus, and Op. 150 for violin, violoncello and piano.

JANET CUTLER MEADE,
National Chairman.

On the American Bookshelf

(Continued from page 53)

roll call of the states perhaps the names of the oceans on either side should be included. With the name of one ocean, John Paul Jones is forever identified.

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ.

Other Books and Publications Received

HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON.
Henry D. Sheldon. Binfords & Mort,
Publishers, Portland, Oregon, \$2.50.

JOHN CHAMPE. Ida MaBelle Judy. Shenandoah Publishing House, Inc., Strasburg, Virginia, \$1.00.

STRATFORD. Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Inc., Stratford, Virginia.

Coronado Cuarto

(Continued from page 35)

hundred feet in length with a background extending over fifty feet high, making it possible to show the Conquistadores riding their horses over the steep mountain trails. The costumes, scenery, and "lighting effects" make it one of the most beautiful of pageants.

The Anglo traditions are being enacted with "Frontier Days," in charge of the old timers. Old fiddles are being tuned up, La Varsoviana, La Raspa, and the Schottische are danced again in Spanish costume and in the costume of the early pioneer.

Everywhere we see the official Coronado Spanish costume or the Stetson hat and cowboy boots of the westerner. Yellow and red Coronado banners wave in the wind. New Mexico is having a state-wide party! But back of all this gayety is the pride of a splendid history, a history of explorer, of priest, of soldier, and of settler—a history filled with the danger and excitement of the adventurer and with the hardship and determination of the builder.

News Items

MRS. HENRY M. ROBERT, JR., President General, N. S. D. A. R., was honored by the degree of Doctor of Literature at recent commencement exercises of Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee. President Stewart W. McClelland, in presenting the degree, stated that it was conferred upon Mrs. Robert "in recognition of her fidelity to the principles of our Founding Fathers and her interpretation of those precepts for the modern age."

Lincoln Memorial University is one of the Approved Schools and has been especially active in promoting ideals in education. It was founded nearly fifty years ago by General Oliver O. Howard as a memorial to Abraham Lincoln.

Flag Day Observances

A radio quiz was sponsored in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, by the **Baton Rouge Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R. Ex-service men, government officials, and Army officers lent their aid in compiling a list of questions relative to National Defense. It was a long list, selected to test the degree of information which contestants possessed

and also to spread information among the radio audience and stimulate interest in this question generally, since the answers will change through the next few months.

Twelve or fourteen organizations of a patriotic and civic character sent representatives to participate in the contest for which two prizes were given by a local department store. The quiz was conducted by the state senator from the local district, who was introduced by Mrs. Tom F. Moody, chapter regent. Mrs. Moody, in her introductory remarks, told of the interest shown by the Daughters in guarding American ideals and traditions. She emphasized the need for increased provision for National Defense.

The questions asked, in three rounds, dealt with comparative expenditures of the United States and other countries for military equipment; the kinds of equipment most needed for our future protection; its probable cost in the immediate future; the relative speed of pursuit planes; the number of our flying fortresses; the tonnage of battleships launched recently; the number of our foreign born residents; questions relative to honors due the Flag; the in-



MRS. HENRY M. ROBERT, JR., PRESIDENT GENERAL, N. S. D. A. R., WITH HONORABLE PRENTICE COOPER, GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE, AFTER RECEIVING HONORARY DEGREES FROM LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY

signia which designate various ranks among Army officers; and others referring to matters on which citizens should be informed as a result of current reading and patriotic interest.

A final question, "What is the relative strength numerically of the air forces of the European nations at war, Germany, Italy, Great Britain, and France?" was thrown out to the radio audience to be answered by mail, with a five dollar prize offered for the first correct reply that should be received by the chapter. The program occupied a period of forty-five minutes and it occasioned much interest and favorable comment from those who heard it.

The **Natchez Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Natchez, Mississippi, was entertained on Flag Day at "Green Leaves," one of the beautiful homes of Natchez. After the business session, a program in honor of Flag Day was beautifully rendered. A quiz was conducted as a check on Flag I. Q's. Mrs. Percy Edwards Quin, Honorary Sate Regent, dedicated a poem entitled "Our Flag" which she had composed, and the Chapter received from Mrs. Quin a beautiful silk flag and staff.

The **William French Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Bellows Falls, Vermont, entertained members from five of the surrounding chapters in observance of Flag Day. The observance took the form of remarks on the history of the origin of the American's Creed and the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, as well as the birth of Flag Day itself. Representatives of each visiting chapter spoke briefly.

The **Manhattan Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of New York City, presented a Flag to the Foxwood School at Kings Point, Long Island, at ceremonies held on the spacious grounds of the school. The flag pole was the mast of a sloop that for fifty years sailed from "Idlewild," the estate on which Foxwood is now located. Mrs. Thomas Baldwin Lowerre, regent of the local chapter, officially presented the flag to the student body, and the personnel of the Navy and Marine Corps, Guard of Honor, and

the 62nd Coast Artillery participated in the raising of the flag and the attending ceremonies.

Kiandaga Chapter celebrates a Sesqui-Centennial

Sequestered by vineyard slopes and by forested hills, the valley village of Naples, Ontario County, New York, has celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, with **Kiandaga Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., sponsoring and directing the event. Though a small, rural chapter, its membership seized upon an idea and developed it in so successful a measure that the news reached even the metropolitan dailies. Back of the twelve-months' program lies a vast amount of history as motivation, and a realization that fixed the chapter's resolution to undertake the work of doing something to awaken the community to the character of its Founding Fathers and Mothers.

Manhattan Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of New York City, marked a Revolutionary War site in Rockland County. Near the Trailside Museum of Bear Mountain Park, a tablet placed on a boulder of the well-preserved remains of Fort Clinton was dedicated. It commemorates the action of the American Garrison in its defense of the Fort on October 6, 1777, under Brigadier-General James Clinton. This early fortification stood guard on the Hudson River's western heights about forty-five miles north of New York.

The regent of the chapter, Mrs. Thomas Baldwin Lowerre, officially presented the plaque to the park authorities, on whose behalf Mr. John Tamsen, of the Palisades Interstate Park Commission, accepted it. Mrs. Lincoln A. Osborn, historian of the chapter, arranged for the dedication and through considerable historical research planned the marker which bears the inscription: "The West Redoubt of Fort Clinton, 1776-1777. Defended with conspicuous bravery by a greatly outnumbered American Garrison under Brigadier General James Clinton. Captured by British, October 6, 1777. Destroyed October 26, 1777. Manhattan Chapter, D. A. R. 1940."

The **Limestone Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Maysville, Kentucky, recently dedicated a city marker, erected on the historic Lexington highway. Justice Stanley F. Reed of the United States Supreme Court was one of the speakers. Mrs. Frederick A. Wallis, State Regent, brought greetings from the fifty chapters in the Kentucky State Society. The regent of the chapter, Mrs. Horace B. Clarke, made the presentation to the city, and City Attorney William G. Kenton accepted the marker on behalf of the government and the people of Maysville.

The marker, bronze with blue background and erected on a nine-foot stand-ard, bears the inscription: "Maysville Settled 1784 as Limestone. Incorporated 1787 and called Maysville after John May, from whom with Simon Kenton, land was purchased to lay out a town. Tobacco center since 1787 when the Virginia Legislature established Limestone Warehouse for the receiving and inspection of tobacco. Limestone Chapter, N. S. D. A. R. 1940."

The **Loantaka Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Madison, New Jersey, marked two graves recently, the grave of William Radley, a Revolutionary soldier, and the grave of Abigail Muchmore Brant, a daughter of a Revolutionary soldier and the wife of a soldier. Among the descendants who were present were Mrs. Emily Brant Noe, granddaughter of Mrs. Brant, Mrs. Maria Noe Pierson, great-granddaughter of Mrs. Brant and an ex-Regent of Loantaka Chapter, and four great-great-grandsons of Mrs. Brant.

The **Oskaloosa Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Oskaloosa, Iowa, recently unveiled a marker dedicated to the memory of Frederick Knight Logan, nationally known composer, who was born in Oskaloosa and spent much of his life in that city. The inscription, designed by the local regent, Mrs. B. D. Elliott, bears under the D. A. R. Insignia, the name and dates of the composer (1871-1928), and beneath this is a bar of music from his "Fallen Leaf." The ceremony took place on the lawn of the composer's aged mother's home.

The chapter has marked also the route

of the Old Dragoon Trail just west of the city. The dedication of this bronze plaque took place on Flag Day. The marker is placed on a large granite boulder in a roadside park, and appropriate ceremonies accompanied the dedication.

The **Urbana Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Urbana, Ohio, in connection with its annual memorial service, marked the graves of two Revolutionary soldiers, Frederick Gump, who died in 1841, and John Dawson, who died in 1845 at the age of 97. Preceding the ceremonies at these graves, a tribute was paid to the forty deceased members of the chapter.

Eight years after the Revolutionary War, three soldier brothers were sent by a Massachusetts group to "spy out the land" and to find a place for settlement. A later committee of eleven came to buy the land for a company of sixty, which included three colonels, one major, and five captains of the Continental Army, besides many veterans of the ranks. The new settlers found Nundawaho, a village of friendly Seneca Indians, who welcomed the strangers and gave them food and shelter during a stormy winter. The Indians of the Kiandaga (deep-valley-between-high-hills) loved their region both for its beauty and fertility and because their traditions taught them that here was the land of their tribal origin. Though they had to relinquish their holdings to the new proprietors, they were still friendly as they moved to a new town. In his last illness, Canesque, their sachem, returned to die in the vale he loved. Whites wept with their dusky neighbors and buried Canesque in the ancient cemetery. Long ago, Kiandaga Chapter placed a marker near the spot where Canesque is buried.

At first the new village was called Wat-kinstown for an active member of one of the large families; then, because of its situation midway between Canandaigua and Bath, it was called Middletown. In 1808, possibly because of the current passion for classical names, it was called Naples, though some say the Duke de Liancourt, entranced by the lake and its peaked hill, thought the spot like one in Italy and said that it might well be called Naples.

Although early exploration of the region

began with the French in 1615, the coming of the 1789 pioneers was felt to be the real date of the pioneer occupation.

Kiandaga therefore saw the appropriateness of organizing a celebration. By good planning, a committee arranged a booth at the Naples Fair which took the form of a fully furnished pioneer kitchen. With her assistants, the local regent handed out printed folders telling the history of the village. This exhibit took first prize award for having received the highest public acclaim.

The effort of the chapter to procure state markers recording the history of the community was rewarded when the State Department of Archives and History granted three; one for each end of the town and one to mark the first church. With the full cooperation of the village mayor and other citizens and groups, the village markers were dedicated.

Kiandaga Chapter concluded its sesquicentennial exercises on Memorial Day when, in the newly dedicated school, its regent presented a Good Citizenship medal to the pupil chosen to receive it.

ANNA C. PARKER, *Regent*

Naturalization Proceedings

The **Nathaniel Fellows Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Iowa City, Iowa, has already begun active naturalization work since its organization in November of last year. Two classes of aliens were presented flags, codes, manuals, good advice, and congratulations. Following the ceremonies at the Johnson County Court House, the new citizens and their witnesses were guests of the Nathaniel Fellows Chapter at a May morning breakfast. At that time, Dr. Jack T. Johnson, Professor in Political Science at the University, was a guest and spoke on citizenship and its meaning. It is the desire of the chapter that this be one of the major projects in these years of service just ahead.

Dedications of Markers

Seattle Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Seattle, Washington, recently unveiled a bronze marker on a boulder of native granite in honor of Chief Seattle. At the top of the marker is the head of the Chief, in bas relief, and beneath it is the inscription: "This Great Chief was Friend, Counselor and Protector of the Pioneers. He lived and died on this Reservation at 'Old Man House' 1786-1866. Our Chapter is honored to bear his name. Erected by Seattle Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, May 30, 1940."

Chief Seattle met the pioneers when they landed on the shores of Puget Sound in 1851 and for him they named their city. The marker was unveiled by the great-granddaughter of Chief Seattle.

A bronze tablet, commemorating the Skirmish of Edge Hill during the American Revolution, was dedicated recently by the **Peter Muhlenberg Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on the grounds of St. Peter's Episcopal Church at Weldon. The tablet is mounted on a boulder of native granite and is placed in front of the Parish House, which was the site during the Civil War of a building in which the women of the community made dressings for the wounded. The ground for St. Peter's Church was given about 1855 by Xanthus Smith, owner of the adjoining property, which was about the center of the site of the skirmish of Edge Hill, December 7 and 8, 1777, just previous to Washington's occupation of Valley Forge.

The regent of the chapter, Miss Anna A. Hangen, and the chaplain, Mrs. Harry W. Hess, together with the Right Reverend Francis M. Taitt, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania, and the Reverend George Copeland, rector of St. Peter's Church, officiated.

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MEMBERSHIP OF N. S. D. A. R.

As of June 1, 1940

Miss Page Schwarzwaelder, Treasurer General

STATES	Number of Chapters	Membership as of June 1, 1940		
		Chapter	At Large	Total
ALABAMA.....	44	1,598	14	1,612
ALASKA.....	1	28	1	29
ARIZONA.....	8	354	4	358
ARKANSAS.....	30	975	12	987
CALIFORNIA.....	93	4,526	158	4,684
CANAL ZONE.....	1	46	0	46
COLORADO.....	36	2,135	14	2,149
CONNECTICUT.....	56	5,308	30	5,338
DELAWARE.....	6	279	2	281
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.....	60	3,578	109	3,687
FLORIDA.....	36	1,976	31	2,007
GEORGIA.....	85	4,201	26	4,227
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.....	2	190	1	191
IDAHO.....	11	437	3	440
ILLINOIS.....	109	7,203	105	7,308
INDIANA.....	93	5,154	23	5,177
IOWA.....	96	4,061	35	4,096
KANSAS.....	53	2,335	20	2,355
KENTUCKY.....	51	2,559	13	2,572
LOUISIANA.....	26	1,028	8	1,036
MAINE.....	38	2,019	4	2,023
MARYLAND.....	32	1,551	30	1,581
MASSACHUSETTS.....	104	6,175	63	6,238
MICHIGAN.....	62	3,910	38	3,948
MINNESOTA.....	52	2,189	16	2,205
MISSISSIPPI.....	34	1,482	15	1,497
MISSOURI.....	85	4,231	37	4,268
MONTANA.....	12	520	4	524
NEBRASKA.....	47	1,893	13	1,906
NEVADA.....	1	63	3	66
NEW HAMPSHIRE.....	37	2,082	8	2,090
NEW JERSEY.....	80	4,955	75	5,030
NEW MEXICO.....	8	364	3	367
NEW YORK.....	177	14,380	321	14,701
NORTH CAROLINA.....	68	2,691	34	2,725
NORTH DAKOTA.....	11	289	3	292
OHIO.....	121	7,424	73	7,497
OKLAHOMA.....	31	1,330	10	1,340
OREGON.....	27	1,057	7	1,064
PENNSYLVANIA.....	129	11,582	93	11,675
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.....	1	43	1	44
PUERTO RICO.....	1	32	0	32
RHODE ISLAND.....	23	1,235	5	1,240
SOUTH CAROLINA.....	59	2,108	15	2,123
SOUTH DAKOTA.....	14	408	1	409
TENNESSEE.....	69	2,780	16	2,796
TEXAS.....	73	4,106	46	4,152
UTAH.....	3	211	1	212
VERMONT.....	33	1,539	6	1,545
VIRGINIA.....	82	3,935	41	3,976
WASHINGTON.....	36	1,729	36	1,765
WEST VIRGINIA.....	40	2,476	17	2,493
WISCONSIN.....	43	2,036	17	2,053
WYOMING.....	10	361	3	364
FOREIGN: CHINA.....	1	42		42
CUBA.....	1	52	0	52
ENGLAND.....	1	59		59
FRANCE.....	2	80		80
GERMANY.....	1	15		15
ITALY.....	1	25		25
AT LARGE.....			21	21
TOTALS.....	2,547	141,430	1,685	143,115

• Junior Membership •

1941 JUNIOR ASSEMBLY OFFICERS:
Chairman, Mrs. Charles W. Dickenson, Colorado; *Vice Chairmen*, Miss Charlotte Speak, California; Mrs. Haywood H. Robbins, Jr., North Carolina; Mrs. H. R. Frankenberg, Ohio; Miss Bettie Herrin, Mississippi; Miss Sarah Binford, Maine; Mrs. Albert W. Douglas, Pennsylvania; *Recording Secretary*, Miss Bradley Slayton, Maryland; *Corresponding Secretary*, Mrs. Harold Sauve, Virginia; *Treasurer*, Mrs. Hansel D. Wilson, Michigan; *Editor of Echoes*, Mrs. Margaret Gillan, North Carolina; *Chairman of Junior Pages*, *National Historical Magazine*, Miss Olive Webster, Massachusetts; *Chairman of Scholarship Fund*, Miss Eloise Bonnett, Illinois; *Chairman of Coca Cola*, Miss Blanch Canton, New York; *Chairman of Exhibits*, Mrs. J. W. Wallace, New York; *Chairman of Registration*, Miss Mabel Claxton, Indiana. *Regional Chairmen:* Pacific Coast, Miss Janice L. McNary; Southwestern, Miss Lois Lentz; Central, Miss Eloise Bonnett; Western, Miss Mary Hawley Perry; Southeastern, Mrs. Logan Hill; Northern, Mrs. D. W. Patterson; Eastern, Mrs. John B. Smith, 3rd.

Important

Please, Regional Chairmen, contact your State Chairmen and Group Chairmen, get me news, current events, daily happenings. See that I have something each month by the 15th. Don't fail the Juniors, or the Junior Page in the Magazine.

OLIVE WEBSTER.

The Northern Division

WHAT a real joy to attend Congress this year and see so many hundreds of Juniors! Everyone had accomplished so much during the past year and it was genuine inspiration to learn what junior groups everywhere are doing.

From the reports of Junior activities, we were particularly pleased to learn how much the northern states are doing in

Americanism, Red Cross, with Approved Schools and Scholarships, in braille, conservation, the Junior American Citizens clubs, in National Defense and with our own Echoes.

In New York, Thelma LeBar Brown, of whom we are so proud, as retiring chairman of the 1940 Junior Assembly, will take over the work Mrs. Bryon M. Fast has done so well. In Vermont Mrs. Varnum Abbott of St. Johnsbury replaces Miss Agnes Lawson, and in Connecticut Mrs. Elmer F. Rader of Meriden take over the work of Mrs. G. Harold Welch.

Olean, New York Juniors, have increased their membership, they had two rummage sales this spring and have had three benefit bridges to raise money for their work. At meetings they pieced a quilt. They are Red Cross knitters, send money for the Helen Pouch Scholarship and are making plans for a traveling library for the three hospitals in Olean.

Buffalo's Abigail Fillmore had eight girls in Washington this year. Their evening meetings are always busy ones, centered entirely around D. A. R. activities. Each member here subscribes to the Echoes, owns a manual and uses it.

Molly Stark Juniors in April had an original Flag Program, which they called their Junior College of Flag Knowledge and presented it at the New Hampshire Conference. Their group sponsors five Junior American Citizens clubs in settlement houses in Manchester. From each club they are sending one outstanding boy and girl for one week of camping at a state summer camp. What a grand idea this one is! One club is in the State reform school and they have just presented them with a flag for their club room.

Both the Buffalo Abigail Fillmore and the Molly Stark Juniors have started a fund with which they plan to pay one delegate's expenses to Congress.

Each year FreeLove Baldwin Stowe Juniors plant a dogwood tree on the Wepe-wang River banks in Milford, and this

year they dedicated it to Harriet Welch, who worked so hard last year as Junior State Chairman.

Mary Clapp Wooster Juniors are having their annual meeting, a dutch treat picnic, at Harriet Welch's in Mount Carmel and expect to have outdoor meetings all summer.

Ruth Hart Juniors this spring have outfitted their Becker girl with a graduation outfit. They plan to meet all summer.

Eunice Dennie Burr Juniors of Fairfield have just organized and have eighteen members. They had a Cake Walk at their organizing meeting. Mrs. Eugene Burns is chairman.

Greater Boston Juniors had their annual meeting at the home of Marcia Eddy, in the form of a buffet supper. Miss Helen Symonds is the new chairman. Miss Grace Cummings has asked the group to her home in Harvard for a house party.

All Massachusetts Juniors helped with the Living Pictures, given at the large D. A. R. bridge to raise money for the Golden Jubilee Fund in Boston.

JESSIE WALTERS PATTERSON,
Northern Division Chairman.

Commonwealth Chapter Juniors: Virginia

THE Commonwealth Juniors have had a very active and interesting year, and I will try to give you the "highlights". We started the year off with a "Rush Bridge Tea," to raise our money for the current year.

We are interested in Americanism, war relief work, several members have enrolled in the Red Cross, working with the C. A. R. societies; with a Junior member heading a new C. A. R. group. Conservation, with Approved Schools, in National Defense, and Correct Use of the Flag. We have five new subscriptions to the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE.

In Washington I received \$5.00 from the Junior Assembly Chairman, being second prize for the next to highest increase in membership during the year 1939-1940.

JANET SWANN HERRINK,
Chairman.

Junior American Citizens Work of the Junior D. A. R.

WITH the organization of the Junior Daughters D. A. R. six years ago came our desire to assist with the work of the chapters. We have wanted to do what you asked of us. You had begun Junior American Citizens clubs and showed your confidence in us, your younger members, by asking us to direct these clubs. We are proud of your confidence and aim and intend to instill Americanism so firmly into these children that no foreign "ism" can dare to gain here a foothold.

We believe in the ice cream and cake method and so do the Junior American Citizens. Parties and business go hand in hand. How much more readily the children learn the American's Creed and the Pledge of Allegiance when they have a party to which they can look forward.

One ten-year-old girl, who with her family moved to a distant city, wrote back to a little friend and said, "You know, Mary, it is wonderful to belong to a national organization. I wore my J. A. C. club pin on first day of school and I was so happy to meet children here who belong to the same club."

Let me tell you with pride that one Junior Daughter in Maine has alone formed twenty-five clubs this year. I could remind you that as Maine goes, so goes the nation!

The most effective instrument we can employ to train our own children and foreign born children in the ideals of the American democracy is the Junior American Citizens club. "Childhood is not a preparation for life; it is life." To feel pride in the American Way of Life, to feel essential and building and keeping the United States a great democracy is the privilege and the joy of the J. A. C. clubs.

These clubs are in public, parochial, and private schools, detention homes, orphanages, crippled children's homes, and in hospitals.

JESSIE W. PATTERSON,
N. Y. State Vice Chairman, J. A. C.



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Pioneer Bride

(Continued from page 19)

jumped to her seat beside her smiling husband. Granny White's one slave, a grinning boy of darkest hue, shuffled along behind with her portmanteau.

"Giddap!" Richard shouted to his stalwart team. "They're rarin' to go this morning, darlin'."

"So am I," Cynthia said clearly, her voice a challenge, her chin up, and her eyes fixed on the western horizon.

The wagon lumbered slowly down the road. Cynthia turned to wave just before the valley curved them out of Granny's sight.

"Goodbye, Granny White," she called gaily. "I'm going to tell everyone we meet to be sure to stop overnight at Granny White's Tavern!"

"God bless your gallant young heart," Granny called, blinking back a tear. "Goodbye, child!"

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